CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 1. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND'S SHAME.

The So-called System of "National" Education Which Deprives the Youth of the Country of All Knowledge of Its History.

The Most Infamous, Cowardly, and Prejudiced School System in the Whole World.

[*Truth, Ireland, Herald.*]

The archbishop of Dublin has very properly drawn public attention to the amorphous class of books in use at all the national schools of this country. It is no exaggeration to say that no other intelligent people but one like ours, accustomed to neglect on the part of those who assume the privilege of ruling them, would put up with such literary pretenses and sawdusty shams. The books which are supposed to contribute to the education and enlightenment of the Irish people are the product of a dishonest compromise of some thirty years ago, and as such utterly devoid of interest. Compared with the highly intellectual work in use in American and in the English schools, they are pitiable productions of partiality and prejudice, and are feeble imitations, in the arts as instruments of learning, takes them up, particularly the reading books of the several standards, he will find them choiceful of nauseating extracts and pointless excerpts, culled from discredited or unknown writers.

The subject of history is generally and properly considered by educated people as one of the chief subjects of popular instruction and literary entertainment. It forms the backbone of almost all the education imparted by means of reading books to the American youth, and in Germany and France the children have always put before them, as elsewhere but in Ireland, examples of patriotism and public spirit, which thus at an early age they learn to admire and strive to emulate. Even in Scotland the glorious pages of its history of old are not forgotten in her primary schools, but the children from their infancy are familiarized with the victories of Bannockburn and other fields of battle where Scotch valor prevailed over English pluck. The almost marvellous exploits of Wallace are not, as are the deeds of Owen Roe and other chieftains, with us closed books. On the contrary, the Scotch children learn to revere these cherished names and memories, and finds the true source of their country's heroes, as told by their own historians, enshrined in their school books and thus part and parcel of their daily knowledge.

Knowing what determi- Scotch pluck e convinced up with the d in Ireland e its institu- the National ystem as in- ject, holding orks of pop- ating theyr- ction of love lessly every ubly upon Judged by the hands of the ..rrence with which Ireland's story in the held the highest place in the education of the people, blank. The thing is insup- its intolerance, for not even ven traditions of the Irish people, ively interest in their own past, ir innate love for bold times and old morics, so far as lies with our popular instructors the rising generation could grow up a spiritless people, innocent of anything but the most human wants of vulgar appetite. Their Celtic imagination, that at the fireside of even the poorest cabin is the greatest force in dwells with such fervor even to today upon the deathless doings of our sires pre-Christian here, like Cuchulin or some more recent but not more vividly pictured warrior, serves to keep alive a soul that past, alas! alone to be found recorded in their own memories. Not even oral tradition occasionally find their way into books, but these books are not at the command of the people, nor in their schools, and with the pest unentertaining creatures that are set to do what they call publishing in Ireland they rarely ever circulate in the rural parts, and are practically made use of solely and exclusively for the purposes of instruction. But the mediums through which these lessons of patriotism and love of country should be taught never by accident contain any allusion to these subjects.

The early ages of the Catholic church in Ireland were comparatively with those other lands really brilliant with the brightest flame of Christian piety, and it is because the chroniclers of those times are Catholic and because the man who drew up the Constitution of the National board were Protestants, and therefore thought every reference to the old faith a heresy and an abomination, the followers and professors of that virile and vigorous belief are to be denied the pleasure and consolation of hearing read by their children in their task books the glorious story of such a period of patriotic pride. Was ever anything comparable to such insolence of intolerance as this—a incident of English rule affords. Irish people are to be treated as no other intelligent people are dealt with, and this is to be carried out without protest or change. Because Irish history, if faithfully recorded and truthfully written, contains in its every page the story of English misrule and English misgovernment, because every line of that record is stained with treachery and deceit, because, in short, the truth must be told, and that truth is a disgrace to England, therefore Irish history must not be taught in Irish schools, but from the books of her children, on the contrary, every passage excised that reflects credit on the ancestors or discreditably on our rulers. The day for such unprovoked oppression is fast nearing its end, and even if the present Home Rule movement owing to its mismanagement and misdirection fail its end and purpose as did all previous efforts, still an advance has been made that never can be gone back on, and sooner or later these traces and toils of servile subserviency to Saxondom will be swept away.

Soon these relics and remnants of intolerance will disappear, and our school books, like everything else in this country, will bear the impress and marks of being intended for an intelligent, self-respecting people, whose record of past patriotism, dimmed at times by misfortune and treachery, is still in the main a bright page of heroic self-sacrifice and devotion, such as no other people in the like circumstances of affliction can furnish a parallel for. We, at least, are not ashamed of our history, and we hope the day is not far distant when at every school in the land it will be taught and honestly taught, and the true lessons of instruction to be gleaned from its pages imparted to its ardent students. Until then Irish popular education is incomplete, and wants its most essential and distinctive accommodation, and until that time there should be no compromise with truth or with the claims of the truth, such as at present disgraces and degrades the lesson books in all of our schools.

The Garfield-Conkling Imbroglio.

The January *Century* contains an important paper by Senator Dawes relating to much that has not heretofore been made public regarding the relations of the President-elect and the senior Senator from New York. A committee of conciliation was appointed, and heard Conkling's side of the case from the lips of Garfield, in which he referred to a most damaging letter of the President's, a copy of which was in the Senator's possession. Dawes says:

It was deemed absolutely necessary to get possession of this letter, or at least to learn the contents of a missive thus held over the head of the President. At one time had been fixed to hear the President's side of the controversy, and it was arranged that I should in some way, without violating the confidences of the conference with Conkling, if there were any such, ascertain from the President himself the nature of this mysterious communication. I accordingly went to the White House for that purpose a half hour in advance of the committee, and, without disclosing our interview with the Senator, sought to ascertain whether the President was aware of such a use of any such letter. Almost my first inquiry brought out this response: "Conkling alludes to a letter Conkling is saying that joe has of mine, and which he represents as being a very bad one. I know what it is, and have a copy of it. It is a mistake in the matter lightly and as of no consequence; and remarking that I had heard of this letter, I begged for a letter from his pocket and handed it to me.

Upon perusing it, I discovered that it was one of those indiscreet epistles, like that of Mayhew Hitchcock, which are written during the Presidential campaign, asking the efforts of subordinate clerks and other government officials subscriptions to campaign expenses. Although by no means a good letter, it was satisfied that its chief harm to General Garfield was due to the fact that it was turned to good account for English's nomination. It will, I fear, be ever thus.

Previous to this Mr. Stead says: "It is a strange coincidence that circumstances should have accustomed both Lord and Lady Aberdeen from childhood to follow the example of the Queen in being members of both Presbyterian and Episcopalian churches according as they resided in Scotland or England. When we were boys such action used to be called "hypocrisy" and the actors "holy hypocrites."

In 1877 Isbbel Marjori became Lady Aberdeen. They passed their honeymoon in Egypt, and met Gen. Gordon, then Governor of the Soudan. He was mourning on the fate of his subalterns, while they were slowly toiling down propelled by the sluggish stream. Mrs. Stead tells how it was the intention of the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen in the absence of firing signals of distress—thus acting a lie when there was no distress. And, of course, Gordon met Aberdeen. At Cairo they had a long discussion as to the possibility of representing Gordon's wish. Here is how it was to be effected: They sent their man ashore at one of the villages, stating that we were navy boys for sale they would be glad to see them. This was in the Gordon days. Without any delay a slave merchant brought four boys on board the ship and set them forth as a desirable human article of sale and barter. The merchant then stated his price. Lord Aberdeen pointed to the British flag flying at the masthead, and told the slave dealer that the boys were slaves no longer, as where the British flag flew slavery ceased to exist. (This is the biggest lie of the century.) But in order not to create a hubbub he stated that he was willing to take the boys and give the slave dealer a present almost equivalent to the price which he had asked. Lord Aberdeen promptly knocked the slave dealer out of some cash. Three of them afterwards died of consumption. The remaining one grew up and became an earnest Christian, and is at the present moment a missionary in the Soudan, teaching his father's and mother's people that "Britannia Rules the Waves," and needs of right a few acres more or less of African soil as an scborage for more holy missionaries. But this is not all. Before returning to England they had no fewer than five additional slaves they were brought to England, they put him to college at Edinburgh, and he is now a missionary in China. Gov. Sondanese with a white Presbyterian-Episcopalian choker, serving faithfully British interests! Such is the role of Lord and Lady Aberdeen as destroyers of slavery. We used generally to call this mode of procedure "kidnapping." We all know of the time when white slaves they brought to that burlesque village at the World's Fair from Ireland. The Irish industrial exhibit in a hodge as the Blarney stone that Lady Aberdeen did take all for a dime. In Canada they are training a "boy brigade," to keep the frontiers from the United States and the Irish Fenians. They never did and never to British merchants and men-of-war.

Mr. Stead, in the course of his life, his dream of winning back our great Republic to "loyalty," to "culture thought it, and Gov. Aberdeen to resign his Canadian mission, and run for Mayor of Chicago on the A. P. A. ticket. In that tale of his descending from John Knox, reformer, there are some humiliations possible. It would unite all Calvinists, and Presbyterians could be Episcopalians. Mr. Stead, in his book at the tale of Lady Aberdeen, descended from those Kings of Scotland through whom, of course, I would appoint Mr. Stead British Plenipotentiary to Washington, and minister.

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LOVELY WOMAN.

Does She Smoke Cigarettes, and If So, By What Right Can She Profane Her Lips With the Weed?

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Jan. 1.—Sonds of opposition are being greatly exercised in regard to the practice of cigarette smoking among women. They seem to see in it the elements of death and destruction, if not the ruin of society and society. A few writers declare that this most pernicious habit is the result of the so-called emancipation of woman from the sacred and domestic life in which it should be kept, and shame for her ever to have left.

Her friends are too badly scared to be logical. In the first place women have been forced into business paths and even into sharp competition with men by the grimmest necessity. It was work or starve, and in this case out of ten it is not a question of one woman's starving, but a matter of the support of a family, sometimes husband, father or brothers included. Then she could not support all the women even if they desired to, because there are too many women. These women have come to be very important factors in the business world, and they are here to stay.

Somebody tells a story of a recent grand reception in one of our most elegant private houses, where several of the best known ladies retired to the dressing-room and lit their cigarettes after the manner of gentlemen.

I believe this a lie made pretty much out of whole cloth. That there are some of our ultra women who smoke cigarettes, I know, but I do not believe there is a single lady or gentlemen in New York city who would smoke cigarettes or tobacco in any form at a drawing-room or reception. A few may think it smart to smoke with men, or with other women similarly inclined, but the fact is that the women addicted to cigarette smoking take their enjoyment in such a way that they are not seen by their friends.

Smoking is all ages and countries have smoked more or less. Pipes were formerly used by those who found it necessary to indulge, but a less harmful manner of inhaling the fumes of the weed has been found in modern times.

"But," it is asked, "have not women just as much of a right to smoke as men have?"

In one sense, yes; in another, decidedly no. Every woman has a right to color her face with rand and sit in the marketplace, or she has a right to paint the walls of her room at home. But those who ask these questions must remember that the habit of cigarette smoking is not a habit established long ago, and that prejudice and custom are the hardest of all things to combat. It is more right for men to smoke than it is for women, because they have been established since smoked, whereas the well reared and refined women of the present day have not considered themselves everlastingly disgraced by such conduct.

The habit of cigarette smoking is a most pernicious and deadly one, and it is disgusting in either male or female. Refined women will never contract it.

It is not an easy matter to make the seller of cigarettes and tobaccos understand how entirely these beneficent countries have been left out of the festival. Just as long as we believe that God sends pain and poverty upon us for the benefit of our sins, just so long shall we go stumbling through the darkness.

If I could answer one-half of the questions that are eagerly asked on this subject I should be very happy. I have endeavored to reply to some of them in the book above mentioned.

The present spiritual awakening is most cheering. What shall I do to be saved from disease and error in the world? is a cry heard on every side, and the morning light is breaking.

ELEANOR KIRK.

938 Greene avenue.

ROASTS THE ABERDEENS.

Father O'Mahony Turns Loose on the Governors-General of Canada, and Philanthropists Extraordinary of the British Empire.

Some Account of the Proceedings of the Gordon-Marchbanks Combination in Cairo and in Dublin.

[*The Citizen assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents.*]

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ill., Jan. 1.—I have been turning over quite a few new leaves of the un-American edition of the *Revised of Residence* for this month of January. In it is what is called "Lord and Lady Aberdeen; A Character Sketch by W. T. Stead." Make way if you can a little for these "Characters," and give your readers an insight into some of the lies and cheating practiced by the servants of the British Crown in aid of Old Hingland. Mr. Stead tells us that John Campbell Gordon was the family name of this Lord, who by methods known only to those we have to designate their fathers' names, became "Aberdeen," a sweet name which always reminds me of raw slices of yellow turnip. The lady's name was Isbbel Marjoribanks. The Lord traces his decent through Lord George Gordon, of London anti-Catholic riots fame, to John Knox, etc. The Lady also traces her descent from all the Ancient Kings of Scotland, but also from those of Ireland, through the O'Neils of Tyrone." Any fool in Ireland hearing this would politely say "pon honor oath." On the formation of the Gladstone ministry of 1886, Lord Aberdeen was made Viceroy of Ireland. At that time nothing was further from Lord Aberdeen's mind than such appointments. He was a Scotchman and had never paid any particular attention to Irish affairs. At first the new occupants of Dublin Castle were isolated, but what Mr. Stead calls "a happy experience" turned the tide. There was in the year a great distress in the West of Ireland, and the Castle had, of course, official intimation of the sufferings of the poor contagers on the Atlantic coast of Ireland. The ordinary method by which relief is obtained is by a meeting of the Mansion House, called and presided over by the Lord Mayor. This meeting for relief of distress was "this happy experience" for a diplomat like Lord Aberdeen. He sent word "privately" to the Lord Mayor, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, that he would like to attend said meeting, but not as Viceroy, oh, no; simply as a citizen resident in Dublin, and the request was acceded. On arriving at the Mansion House in a carriage and four, outsiders, etc., one of the "shoys" (the spelling is Mr. Stead's) called for a cheer for their excellencies Mr. Stead says: "The climax of the proceedings was reached when Lord Aberdeen requested to be introduced to Michael Davitt. When the one-armed ex-Fenian crook grasped the hand of Lord Aberdeen there was a publicity pledge given of the alliance of the Irish democracy and all that was best in the popular party in Ireland." From that moment everything went well with them in Dublin." Since which Viceregal "grip" Michael Davitt has been turned upon him the "influenza" of Dublin Castle. Mr. Davitt was worthy of a better fate, but it is his own free choosing. On leaving Dublin the National Board (also) played "Save the Queen" as a befitting parting for Lord and Lady Aberdeen, ex-Irish Viceroy. "This happy experience" of famine in Ireland was turned to good account for England's dominions. It will, I fear, be ever thus.

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WOLFE TONE.

An English Opinion of the Greatest of the Irish Revolutionists of the Last Century.

Had the Winds Been Favorable Tone Would Have Been As Fatal to England As Hannibal was to Rome.

[*London Daily News.*]

The very name of Wolfe Tone is unknown to perhaps the majority of English readers. Certainly many a fairly educated English reader will be surprised when he finds that the two superb volumes published today by Fisher Unwin and edited by Barry O'Brien are the first collection of the writings of Theobald Wolfe Tone. These two volumes, in fact, constitute the autobiography of Wolfe Tone. They are made up of his own sketch of his life, and of the diaries which he kept for the reading of the wife whom he adored. The greater part of the work was published in Washington, D. C., by Tone's two sons. The fame of Wolfe Tone seemed to have faded out for awhile. It was revived rather more perhaps by the efforts of Wolfe Tone's enemies than by the efforts of Wolfe Tone's friends.

Wolfe Tone was by far the greatest man, and the most formidable enemy of England, who was concerned in the Irish rebellion of 1798. He was unquestionably a man with a faculty of organization which came near to genius. The first step of Wellington took his measure exactly. "Wolfe Tone," says the Duke, "was a most extraordinary man, and his history is the most curious ever can be known of him we know in history of these times. He picked up plant, a generous and a most lovable nature. Living when he did, it is not to be wondered at that he was England's enemy. If he were living in our time he would be England's friend. (Oh!) said

Stamp-Collecting.

One of the best things about stamps is that so many of them, having great value for other reasons and in other ways, can be obtained at small cost. Fine collections can be made by the wealthy only. Many very fine stamp collections are the property of boys or girls, or of older people, in moderate circumstances, formed at small cost, combined with the great value of stamps as a means of giving wholesome and profitable pleasure, accounts for the great and growing popularity of stamp-collecting in this country and Europe.

The craving for knowledge is one of our strongest and certainly most worthy desires. Stamp-collecting ministers directly to this; its educational value is great already, and is continually increasing.

The knowledge of modern historical events in a concise and definite form is one of the possessions of the intelligent stamp-collector. We have, in Spanish history, the futile insurrection of Don Carlos; we have, in general history by the issue of stamps which he caused during those years, and the fate of the pretender of various claims. The fact definitely in our minds. The change from King Alfonso XII. to the infant son of the baby King Alphonso XIII., born in 1886, no boy collector will forget. He will know the girls fall to remember that in 1891, soon after the death of the old king William III., a charming girlish face made its appearance on the stamps of the Netherlands.

There are but two instances showing how recent historical events are recorded by stamps, and there are hundreds of passing country which does not celebrate on its stamps the changes of government since it began to print issue. Fathers and mothers who have lived through these changes of government, who may have forgotten the dates, will appreciate the means which stamps will have to assist in preserving the knowledge in a definite and suggestive form.

It would not require much argument to prove the value of a collection of stamps as a means of education had they been in use as long as coins, for example.

Think of having the portraits of all the Emperors of Rome, from Augustus to the last of the Empire, upon a series of stamps like our own United States issues, engraved by ancient workmen as skillful as our modern engravers! The simple and worn effaced Republican coins would have small value as historical relics in comparison with such stamps.

Had the invention of printing and the use of steam been earlier, and two thousand years ago, we might have had such priceless relics. Now it is reserved for future generations of stamp-collectors to glory in the rare and beautiful issues of the great American Republic, beside which Rome in her palmiest days was no larger than in the pigmy to the giant.

Stamp-collecting will be appreciated more appreciated in the future than they can be in the present.—*January St. Nicholas.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Int. Cand. Sch. Soc.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

On reaching the top of the hill Owen sat down to rest for a few minutes, but his eye was eagerly turned to the house which contained all that was dear to him on this earth. The sun was setting, and shone, with half his disk visible, in that dim and cheerless splendor which produces almost in every temperament a feeling of melancholy. His house which, in happier days, formed so beautiful and conspicuous an object in the view, was now, from the darkness of its walls, scarcely discernible. The position of the sun, too, rendered it more difficult to be seen; and Owen, for it was he, shaded his eyes with his hand, to survey it more distinctly. Many a harrowing thought and remembrance passed through his mind, as his eye traced its dim outline in the fading light. He had done his duty—he had gone to the fountain head, with a hope that his simple story of affliction might be heard; but all was fruitless; the only gleam of hope that opened upon their misery had now passed into darkness and despair for ever. He pressed his aching forehead with distraction as he thought of this; then clasped his hands bitterly, and groaned aloud.

At length he rose, and proceeded with great difficulty, for the short rest had stiffened his weak and fatigued joints. As he approached home his heart sank; and as he ascended the blood-red stream which covered the bridle-way that led to his house, what with fatigue and affliction, his agitation weakened him so much that he stopped, and leaned on his staff several times, that he might take his breath.

"It's too dark maybe for them to see me, or poor Kathleen would send the darlins to give me tne *she dha veha* (the welcome). Kathleen, avourneen machree! how my heart beats wid longin' to see you, asthore, and to see the weeny crathurs—glory be to Him that has left them to me—praise and glory to His name!"

He was now within a few perches of the door; but a sudden misgiving shot across his heart when he saw it shut, and no appearance of smoke from the chimney, nor of stir or life about the house. He advanced—

"Mother of glory, what's this! But, wait, let me rap agin, Kathleen, Kathleen!—are you widin, avourneen? Owen—Alley—arn't ye widin, childhre? Alley, sure I'm come back to you all!" and he rapped more loudly than before. A dark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house;—all was still as death within.

"Alley!" he called once more to his little favorite; "I'm come home wid something for *you*, asthore! I didn't forget *you*, alanna!—I brought it from Dublin all the way. Alley!" but the gloomy murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew as misery was that which he then felt; but this state of suspense was soon terminated by the appearance of a neighbor who was passing.

"Why, thin, Owen, but yer welcome home agin, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I haven't betther news for you, and so are all of us."

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech:

"Frank," said he, and he wrung his hand, "What—what? was death among them? For the sake of heaven, spake!"

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart. Owen, you must be a man; every one pities yez, and may the Almighty pity yez! She is, indeed, Owen, gone; the weeny fair-haired child, your favorite Alley, is gone. Yesterday she was buried; and dacently the nabors attended the place, and sent in as far as they had it, both mate and drink to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you've heard it; trust in God and be a man."

A deep and convulsive throe shook him to the heart. "Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley!—Alley!—the pride of both our hearts; the sweet, the quiet, and the sorrowful child, that seldom played wid the rest, but kept wid mys—! Oh, my darlin', my darlin'! gone from my eyes for ever!—God of glory! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" With a sudden yet profound sense of humility, he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and, as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a burst of sublime piety, not at all uncommon among our peasantry—"I thank you, O my God! I thank, an' I put myself an' my weeny ones, my *pastchee boght* (my poor children), into your hands. I thank you, O God, for what has happened! Keep me up and support me—och, I want it! You loved the weeny one, and you took her; she was the light of my eyes, and the pulse of my broken heart, but you took her, blessed Father of heaven! an' we can't be angry wid you for so doin'! Still if you had spared *her*—if—if—O, blessed Father, my heart was in the very one you took—but I thank you, O God? May she rest in peace, now and for ever, Amin?"

He then rose up, and slowly wiping the the tears from his eyes, departed.

"Let me hould your arm, Frank, dear," said he. "I am weak and tired wid a long journey. Och, an' can it be that she's gone—the fair-haired colleen! When I was lavin' home, an' had kissed them all—'twas the first time we ever parted, Kathleen and I, since our marriage—the blessed child came over an' held up her mouth, sayin', 'Kiss *me* again, father;' an' this was afther herself an' an' all of them had kissed me afore. But, och! oh! blessed Mother! Frank, where's my Kathleen and the rest?—and why are they out of their own poor place?"

"Owen, I tould you a while agone, that you must be a man. I gave you the worst news first, an what's to come doesn't signify much. It was too dear; for if any man could live upon it you could—you have neither house nor home, Owen, nor land. An ordher came from the agint; your last cow was taken, so was all you had in the world—hem—barrin' a thrifle. No—bad manners to it! no—you're not widout a home, anyway. The family's in my barn, brave and comfortable, compared to what your own house was, that let in the wather through the roof like a sieve; and, while the same barn's to the fore, never say you want a home."

"God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them and me; if you're not rewarded for it here, you will in a bettther place. Och, I long to see Kathleen and the childher! But I'm fairly broken down, Frank, and hardly able to mark the ground; and, indeed, no wondher, if you knew but all: still, let God's will be done! Poor Kathleen, I must bear up afore her, or she'll break her heart; for I know how she loved the goolden-haired darlin' that's gone from us. Och, and how did she go, Frank, for I left her betther?"

"Why, the poor girsha took a relapse, and wasn't strong enough to bear up against the last attack; but it's one comfort that you know she's happy."

Owen stood for a moment, and, looking solemnly in his neighbor's face, exclaimed, in a deep and exhausted voice, "Frank!"

"What are you goin' to say, Owen?"

"The heart widin me's broke—broke—broke!"

The large tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he proceeded in silence to the house of his friend. There was, however, a feeling of sorrow in his words and manner which Frank could not withstand. He grasped Owen's hand, and, in a low and broken voice, simply said—"Keep your spirits up—keep them up."

When they came to the barn in which his helpless family had taken up their temporary residence, Owen stood for a moment to collect himself; but he was nervous, and trembled with suppressed emotion. They then entered; and Kathleen, on seeing her beloved and affectionate husband, threw herself on his bosom, and for some time felt neither joy nor sorrow—she had swooned. The poor man embraced her with a tenderness at once mournful and deep. The children, on seeing their father safely returned, forgot their recent grief, and clung about him with gladness and delight. In the meantime Kathleen recovered, and Owen for many minutes could not check the loud and clamorous grief, now revived by the presence of her husband, with which the heart-broken and emaciated mother deplored her departed child; and Owen himself, on once more looking among the little ones, on seeing her little frock hanging up, and her stool vacant by the fire—on missing her voice and blue laughing eyes—and remembering the affectionate manner in which, as with a presentiment of death, she held up her little mouth and offered him the last kiss—he slowly pulled the toys and cakes he had purchased for her out of his pocket, surveyed them for a moment, and then, putting his hands on his face, bent his head upon his bosom, and wept with the vehement outpouring of a father's sorrow.

The reader perceives that he was a meek man; that his passions were not dark nor violent; he bore no revenge to those who neglected or injured him, and in this he differed from too many of his countrymen. No; his spirit was broken down with sorrow, and had not room for the fiercer and more destructive passions. His case excited general pity. Whatever his neighbors could do to soothe him and alleviate his affliction was done. His farm was not taken; for fearful threats were held out against those who might venture to occupy it. In these threats he had nothing to do; on the contrary, he strongly deprecated them. Their existence, however, was deemed by the agent sufficient to justify him in his callous and malignant severity towards him.

We did not write this story for effect. Our object was to relate facts that occurred. In Ireland there is much blame justly attached to landlords for their neglect and severity, in such depressed times, towards their tenants; there is also much that is not only indefensible but atrocious on the part of the tenants. But can the landed proprietors of Ireland plead ignorance or want of education for their neglect and rapacity, whilst the crimes of the tenants, on the contrary, may in general be ascribed to both? He who lives—as, perhaps, his forefathers have done—upon any man's property, and fails from unavoidable calamity, has as just and clear a right to assistance from the landlord as if the amount of that aid were a bonded debt. Common policy, common sense, and common justice, should induce the Irish landlords to lower their rents according to the market for agricultural produce, otherwise poverty, famine, crime, and vague political speculations, founded upon idle hopes of a general transfer of property, will spread over and convulse the kingdom. Any man who looks into our poverty, may see that our landlords ought to reduce their rents to a standard suitable to the times, and to the ability of the tenant.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

A bh-fad ó shoin, roimh aimsir Naomh Pádraig, bhi sean-righ i g-Connacht agus tridr mac aige. Bhi cos thinn ag an righ air fea'n mórain bliadhain, agus nior fheud sé aon leigheas fhághail. Aon lá amhain chuir sé fios air Dhall gile a bhi aige, agus dubhairt leis, "Tá me tabhairt tuarasdail duit-se le fiche bliadhain, agus ni thig leat innsint dam cad do leighseochadh mo chos."

"Nior iarr tu orm an cheist sin roimhe seo," ar san Dall gile, "acht innsim duit anois nach bh-fuil aon nidh annsan domhan le do leighsas, acht buideul uisge as tobar Deire-an-Domhain."

Air maidin, lá air na mhárach, ghlaodh an righ a thrúr mac chuige agus dúbhairt leó, "ni bhéidh biseach air mo chois go bh-fágh' me buideul uisge as tobar Deire-an-Domhain, agus cia bé, air bith dhibh a bhéarfas chugam é, béidh mo rioghacht aige."

"Imtheóchamaid dá thóruighescht amárach," ar san tridr. B'é ainm an tridir mac, Art, Neart, agus Ceart. Air maidin, lá air na mhárach, thug an righ sporrán óir do gach aon aca, agus d'imthigheadar air siúbhal. Nuair thánadar chomh fada leis an g-cros-bhóthar dubhairt Art, "budh chóir do gach aon dinn do dhul bóthar dó féin, agus má thagann aon dinn air ais roimh lá agus bliadhain, fanadh sé go d-tiucfaidh an bheirt eile chuige, no cuireadh sé clochán suas mar chomhartha go d-táinig sé air ais slán."

Do sgaradar le chéile, agus chuaidh Art agus Neart go teach-ósda agus thoisigheadar ag ól, acht chuaidh Ceart air aghaidh leis féin. Do shiúbhail sé an lá sin gan fhios aige cá rabh sé a'dul. Nuair thálnig dorchadas na h-oidhche chuaidh sé asteach i g-coill mhóir agus shocraidh sé air aghaidh go d-táinig sé go teach mhóir. Chuaidh sé asteach agus d'fheach thart. Ní fhaca idh sé aon duine acht chonnaire sé cat mór bán 'nna suidhe le cois na teineadh. Nuair chonnaire an cat é d'éirigh sé agus chuaidh asteach annsan t seómra. Bhi sé tuirseach agus shuidh sé ag an teine. Nior bh-fada gur fhosgail doras an t-seómra agus thálnig sean-chaillech amach. "Ceud mile fáilte rómhad, a mhic Righ Chonnachta," ar san chailleach. "Cia chaot bh-fuair tu eólas orm-sa?" ar san mac righ. "Is iomdha lá maith chaith me i g-caisleán d'athar-sa i m-Buidhe-shamhnuidh, agus tá eolas agam ort ó rugadh thu," arsan chailleach.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hell's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

ON TRIAL. That's a good way to buy a medicine, but it's a pretty hard condition under which to sell it. Perhaps you've noticed that the ordinary, hit or miss medicine doesn't attempt it.

The only remedy of its kind so remarkable in its effects that it can be sold on this plan is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder, there's nothing like it known to medical science. In every disease where the fault is in the liver or the blood, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affections, it is *guaranteed* in every case to benefit or cure, or you have your money back.

To every sufferer from Catarrh, no matter how bad the case or of how long standing, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure it, perfectly and permanently, we'll pay you $500 in cash." Sold by all druggists.

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

SIX MILLION MILES WE'VE SPED.

Once Again Old Mother Earth Has Rolled Around the Sun.

This is the beginning of a new year, and we have made a very long journey. Old travelers say that when a man gets lost in the wilderness he goes round and round in trying to go ahead, and he finds himself following his own tracks in a circle. I don't know whether this is so or not, but I do know that today we are right exactly where we were a year ago, and yet we have traveled round and round nearly 6,000,000 miles at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute. Astronomers tell us that we are right exactly where we were a year ago.

This is mighty curious to me. Who is doing it? This world has been going on this grand round for thousands of years, maybe millions of years, and is still at it. What is it? for I want to know. Why doesn't it stop and rest? What did it ever start for? If this earth was made for us, why does it have to go round and round forever and forever? If it has to go round the sun, why wouldn't a circle do as well as an ellipse—why go at all? Couldn't the universe be still and every planet be independent? Why does the earth have to turn a somersault every day and whirl us round at the rate of a thousand miles an hour? Who is doing all this, and what is it done for, and when is the whole business to come to an end, or a focus, or a transformation?

I confess my ignorance and feel as humble as a dog when I contemplate the wonders and mysteries of creation. I don't understand how the corn grows, nor the flowers bloom, nor the birds hatch their young, and yet I realize that everything has been made for our good, our comfort, our pleasure.

I was popping corn last night for a little grandchild, and I know that in the grand design of Providence this little corn was created just to please the children and nothing else. I know that cotton grows to clothe the millions in summer, and the sheep were created to give us wool in winter, and the cattle to give us milk and butter and shoes. Even our complaints and ailments are provided for in nature's remedies, for we have quinine and calomel and castor oil and opium and turpentine and mineral springs, and the best are the cheapest. All the best things are the cheapest—the air and water and fire, the bread and meat and vegetables, and the fruits of the earth and the material for clothing.

The evidences of design and care and love are all around us everywhere and in everything, and I cannot understand how a thoughtful man can be an agnostic or an infidel. I want to thank somebody every morning for preserving me through the night, for I know that sleep is near akin to death, and I cannot keep my own heart beating. There is some great thing behind me, and I will trust him because he has been good to me and sustained me all my life. The best religion is to trust in the Lord and do good.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Chinese New Year Customs.

The custom of giving presents and particularly that of exchanging New Year's calls is essentially Chinese. The coincidence of these two rather peculiar acts of brotherly love coexisting in Holland and Scotland should furnish cause for thought. It is a little singular certainly that the Chinese, who are not an overcharitable or forgiving race, should enjoin the forgiveness of all debts at the beginning of the new year.

It is an amusing spectacle in China to see the creditor mercilessly hunting down the debtor during the few days that remain. No one is exempt from the necessity, for in order to pay his own debts he must in turn collect what is due to him. The debtor who cannot fulfill his obligations by New Year's goes into bankruptcy by the operations of a custom stronger than law. He undoubtedly earns the contempt of his fellow men, but at least he is free from their persecution. His debts are forgiven with quite as much sincerity as could be expected under the circumstances.

Besides this painful phase of Chinese Yuletide there are other preparations to be made for the fitting celebration of the great three day festival, beginning with the first day of the first month. The red peach paper which has been removed from the doorway must be replaced, and therefore about this time the professional letter writer of the Chinese quarter takes his station on the street corner and is busily employed in writing sentences of good omen. Naturally some of these gentlemen are more popular than others, a letter writer who claims to have passed one of the inferior civil service examinations, or who at one time has been connected with a fashionable josshouse, being more in demand than he who has picked up his smattering of knowledge at school, or by what is an important factor in Chinese education—self help.

It is quite customary also to bring these red paper slips to the josshouse, where for a trifling fee they are stamped with the seal of the joss. Certainly it is worth taking some trouble with a little piece of paper which is to do duty for an entire year, for as soon as the slips have been prepared and stamped they are glued to the doorposts against the time when the evil spirits shall return and make the last state of the man worse than the first. The moral which the Saviour pointed out to his disciples, that spasmodic effort is inevitably followed by reactions unfavorable to the true spiritual development, is fully borne out by the history of the Chinese people.—Harper's Magazine.

New Year's Superstitions.

The following superstitions in connection with New Year's are still firmly believed in various parts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales:

On New Year's morning go to a well or fountain and leave an apple and nosegay, and the water will keep fresh and be more wholesome all the year.

If a dark complexioned man crosses your threshold first on New Year's day, you will be prosperous; if a blond, unlucky, and if a redheaded man dire disaster will surely follow.—Selected.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."

14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men [illegible] d it is worth! We have n[illegible] and for a sl[illegible] any subscr[illegible] and guaran[illegible]

LADIES' S[illegible]
GOLD-FI[illegible]
PRICE $1[illegible]

This mag[illegible] No. 2487, b[illegible] attractive w[illegible] sirable whe[illegible] really hands[illegible] The color of the [illegible] timekeeping qualities of high order. Price [illegible]

SOLID GOLD, FANCY [illegible]
HUNTING-CASE W[illegible]
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE [illegible]
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very la[illegible] style. The works contain seven je[illegible] and all improvements. The case is so[illegible] gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful p[illegible] tern. This watch is worth $25. We wi[illegible] send it, delivery gauranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

HOW TO ORDER A WATCH—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

FLAMES AT BOSTON.

The Hub Has a Costly New Year Bonfire.

GLOBE THEATRE A PILE OF RUINS,

And All the Scenery and Wardrobes of the Hanlon "Superba" Company Lost—City in Darkness Except for Havoc's Illumination Because of Burned Electric Wires—Hard Work to Prevent a General Conflagration—Holocaust at Buffalo.

BOSTON, Jan. 2.—The New Year began in this city with a destructive and very dangerous blaze in the Globe theatre on Washington street, owned by John Stetson, and at present occupied by the Hanlon's "Superba" company. The loss is estimated at not much under a million. The elegant playhouse is completely gutted and the property of the Hanlons ruined. Every engine that could possibly be spared was used to try and protect adjacent property. The large six-story building just erected by the Harvard college trustees caught fire, and every effort was made to save it. During the progress of the fire several severe explosions occurred, which proved to be powder and cartridges used by the Hanlon company.

Only Illuminated by the Blaze.

The streets of the city were in total darkness and the electric cars ceased to run owing to the current being turned off. The heavens were illuminated with the blaze which could be seen for miles around. [illegible] from the fire traveled with the wind and three blocks away and a most careful watch was kept by a cordon of policemen. Thousands of people congregated from every section of the city watching the progress of the fire. The water towers were stationed on the Washington street side of the fire and poured thousands of gallons of water into the fiery furnace. Four fire alarms were turned in. It is thought the fire started in the coat room of the theater by some one throwing a lighted cigarette on the floor.

The Flames Under Control.

The fire was finally checked on the Essex street and Harrison avenue extension side of the theatre, but on Hayward Place it was still eating its way into the adjacent buildings. The Globe cafe is a total loss, nothing but the walls remaining. During the whole conflagration not an accident has been reported. It was 3:35 p. m. before the fire was under control, and the danger of a general conflagration averted. It is impossible to state what the damage done to adjoining buildings will amount to, but the loss on the theatre, scenery and wardrobes will be nearly $350,000 and the other losses are figured at nearly enough to make up $1,000,000.

HOLOCAUST AT BUFFALO.

Six Dead Bodies Taken from the Ruins of a Lodging House.

BUFFALO, Jan. 2.—Fire in a cheap lodging house on Washington street caught the lodgers unaware and destroyed the building. Six dead bodies have been taken from the ruins, and it is thought that there are more to be recovered.

Several inmates jumped from the second story and received terrible injuries. Among those injured and taken to the hospital are: George Anderson, Charles R. Edwards, George Matthews, John Neil and Fred Overman. The names of the dead cannot be learned.

Fatal Blaze at New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—The flat at 548 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street took fire from a Christmas tree at a party in one of the suites of rooms on the fourth floor. All the guests escaped, but Mrs. Albergh, the hostess, attempted to beat out the flames and was soon in a blaze herself. She had her infant in her arms, and running to a window in her fright leaped to the area below. She and the babe were both killed.

Whole Family Dead and Dying.

INDEPENDENCE, Kan., Jan. 2.—Nothing having been seen of the family of George W. Reed since last Saturday evening the house was broken open and a horrible sight presented. Reed was sitting in a chair dead and in an advanced state of decomposition; Edith Scott, a servant girl, was dead on the floor of her room, Mrs. Scott was unconscious and her 5-year-old boy dying. Two gas stoves were burning in the house. Investigation showed that they had been poisoned with strychnine, but how is a mystery. Mrs. Scott may possibly recover.

Jackson Park Is Wide Open.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—Jackson park with its relics of the fair has come into possession of the public again. The wagon gates were thrown wide open, turnstiles taken down, and the Columbian guards retired. The visitors carried away everything they could lay hands on as mementoes. Two men climbed to the top of the Macmonnies fountain in search of relics, but were dragged away by the police.

Are Preparing for the End.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 2.—A watch-meeting was held by the Adventists here New Year's eve. They believe that the last days are fast approaching, and that in a short time this world will be no more. They are giving all their property away in anticipation of the event. It all goes to the society, however.

May Barrowcliffe Still Unconscious.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—May Barrowcliffe, the young music teacher who was found unconscious in a vacant lot in Marion, on the outskirts of Jersey City, having been brutally beaten as well as criminally assaulted, is still lying unconscious in a private room of the Jersey City hospital.

Gov. Boies' Daughter Dead.

WATERLOO, Ia., Jan. 2.—Miss Jessica Boies, daughter of Governor Boies, died in this city yesterday of heart trouble. She had been in failing health for several years, but being possessed of remarkable will power she would not give up, and made a gallant fight for life.

American Investment Gives Up.

CHICAGO, Jan. 2.—In a bill filed by its president, whose action was taken at the instance of the board of directors, the American Building, Loan and Investment society was yesterday placed in the hands of a receiver.

An Old Jewelry House Assigns.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 2.—George W. Chatterton, dealer in jewelry and musical instruments, has assigned. Liabilities, $60,000; assets, about the same. The house was established 1868.

1894 JANUARY. 1894

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

SENSATIONAL CHARGES.

Made Against the Directors of the Northern Pacific.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 28.—A highly sensational turn was given to the Northern Pacific receivership situation when Silas W. Pettit, of Philadelphia, general counsel of the corporation, appeared before Judge Jenkins in the United States Circuit court and filed a petition for the removal of the present receivers, Thomas F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne and Henry C. Rouse, and for the appointment of other receivers in their places. Not a hint of this extraordinary and unprecedented move on the part of the company had been allowed to become public, and even the court was in ignorance of the motion about to be made when the eminent lawyer from the Quaker city stepped to the bar. As soon, however, as the nature of his application became noised about the building the court-room was quickly filled by members of the bar.

Voluminous Petition.

These in turn were soon reinforced by citizens interested in Northern Pacific affairs. The petition is exceedingly voluminous, covering 200 type written pages of legal-cap. It makes serious and sensational charges against Receiver and ex-President Thomas F. Oakes, Henry Villard and Rosewell G. Rolston, president of the Farmers' Loan and Trust company of New York, at the instance of which company the bill for a receiver was filed. No charges are made, however, against Receivers Payne and Rouse, and their names are included in the general petition for removal solely because they were nominated by the coterie against whom the proceedings are directed, and are consequently assumed to be subject to and working under the control of that influence.

Had No Hearing.

Summarized, the road applies for a change of receivers upon the ground that at the time the receivers were appointed it practically had no hearing; that its managers had in less than a year saddled it with the interest of $60,000,000 for properties which were of no value to it, but in many of which they were personally interested and out of which they made large profits, and that when insolvency was produced by this fraud and mismanagement the president of the company and the president of the trustee of the mortgage, who had participated in the fraud and mismanagement, colluded together to put the road in the hands of receivers who were nominated by them for the purpose of and with the effect of perpetuating the same control which had brought about the bankruptcy.

DRIVEN BY A CORPSE.

Experience of a Chicagoan He Will Not Soon Forget.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—It is the lot of few men to have an experience such as came to H. F. McDowell. He was driven five blocks in a wagon by a corpse. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon John Smith, a driver for Heisler & Junge, bakers, had made a delivery at Twenty-fourth and State streets and complained there of being ill. At his suggestion Mr. McDowell entered the wagon with him to assist in driving to his home at 4325 Atlantic street. Smith picked up the reins and turned south. He never spoke to McDowell and the latter, at Thirty-ninth and Riverton avenue, wondering what caused the long silence asked Smith how he felt. Smith did not answer and, pressing the question by taking his arm, the assistant found that the driver was dead. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of his death.

PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

Mother and Three Children Burned to Death in Kentucky.

HARODSBURG, Dec. 29.—Thomas Ransdal, a well-to-do farmer, living near Bohon, Ky., awoke to find his house in flames. He jumped out of bed, carrying his baby with him, at the same time calling to his wife to take their three children who were sleeping upstairs. She went to follow his instructions, but the house collapsed and she and three children perished. The house and contents were a total loss. The father is frantic with grief and is now almost a raving maniac.

Stole a Valuable Pouch.

MARSHALL, Tex., Dec. 27.—As Express Messengers A. F. McCulloch and F. Neardall were transferring their business from the Texas and Pacific passenger train to the New Orleans Pacific train, McCulloch was knocked down by a negro who snatched a pouch from him and ran. Neardall fired one shot at the robber as he fled, but failed to stop him. He was pursued by officers as quickly as they could be notified, but made his escape. The robbery was committed on the depot platform under the glow of electric lights while there were probably one hundred people standing around. The express messenger did not tell the amount secured, but it is estimated at from $5,000 to $8,000.

Says Gladstone Should Retire.

LONDON, Dec. 30.—The Times, in an article upon Mr. Gladstone's birthday anniversary, attributes to him marvelous energy but says that it is permissible to ask whether, for the sake of public interests and for his own credit, he should not retire from office. It adds that there is plenty of work for Mr. Gladstone to do if he were to become, in Labouchere's phase, "patriarch of Hawarden" instead of the "athlete of Westminster."

Lacore Sentenced to Death.

JOLIET, Ills., Dec. 27.—Judge Dibbs in a lengthy and able decision overruled the motion for a new trial for the murderer, Ernest Lacore, and sentenced him to be hanged on the 19th day of January, 1894. The prisoner heard the sentence of death read with a smiling face, apparently unconcerned.

Platt Appointed Receiver.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Judge Wallace has appointed Thomas C. Platt receiver for the New York and New England railroad.

PRENDERGAST TO HANG.

VERDICT OF THE JURY IN THE CELEBRATED CASE.

Mayor Harrison's Assassin Hears His Doom Pronounced and Sinks Back in His Chair, a Deadly Pallor Covering His Face.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—After being out one hour the jury in the Prendergast case brought in the following verdict: "We, the jury, find the defendant, Patrick Eugene Prendergast, guilty of murder, in manner and form as charged in the indictment, and we fix his punishment at death." When the assassin heard the verdict he sank back in his chair and crossed himself, a deadly pallor covering his face. The jury was polled, the usual motion for a new trial was given, and the condemned man was led back to jail.

Patrick Eugene Prendergast was a very subdued and quiet prisoner when taken into Judge Brentano's crowded courtroom to hear the conclusion of Attorney A. S. Trude's argument to the jury. That he fully realized his peril and the damage he worked in his case the day before by his mutterings and threats was evident by his demeanor. His hair was ruffled and his forehead deeply wrinkled. With eyes cast down and arms folded he listened with close attention to every word that was uttered.

Instructions to the Jury.

As Mr. Trude concluded his address a burst of applause came from the courtroom, which Judge Brentano promptly repressed. Court was then adjourned until 1 o'clock, when Judge Brentano read his instructions to the jury—instructions that were of unusual length, as the case was of unusual importance and as the assassin's crime was unique in Cook county criminal history. The little dingy courtroom was crowded to the doors and every word the judge nttered was eagerly drank in by the audience. The jury took the case and retired when the sound of the judge's voice was heard no longer, and then the tension in the court relaxed and the wait for the verdict began.

IS COLGATE ALIVE!

Letter Found in a Bottle Saying He Still Lives and Asks Aid.

KENDRICK, Ida., Dec. 30.—The following letter was picked up by Sam Ellis at Penawawai in a bottle:

"BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS, Nov. 27, 1893. —I am alive and well. Tell them to come and get me as soon as any one finds this. I am fifty miles from civilization, as near as I can tell. I am George Colgate, one of the lost Carlin party. Mr. legs are better. I can walk some. Come soon. Take this bottle to Kendrick, Ida., and you will be liberally rewarded. My name is George Colgate, from Post Falls. This bottle came by me one day and I caught it and write these words to take me out. Direct this to St. Elmo hotel, Kendrick, Ida. Good-bye wife and children.

"GEORGE COLGATE."

M. C. Normoyle of this place sent out a party, headed by Fred Colby.

MET WITH DISASTER.

Captain Wilson's Force Annihilated by the Matabeles.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—A terrible disaster is said to have occurred to the scouting party under the command of Captain Wilson, which has been in pursuit of King Lobengula and which has not been heard from for some time past. Several South African merchants in this city received cable messages announcing that Captain Wilson's force had been completely annihilated by the Matabeles, who are said to have cut them to pieces. The report is as yet unofficial.

Colored Burglar Killed.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—At 6 o'clock in the morning an unknown colored man was shot and killed while carrying goods from the store of Evans Bros, 1900 State street. Henry Evans, one of the proprietors, who opens the store for business each morning, saw the burglar escaping through the rear entrance with an armful of clothing. He called upon the thief to stop, but no attention was paid to the warning. As the colored man started to run Evans fired with good effect. The man was taken to the Provident hospital where he died a few hours later. The body was removed to the county morgue, and an inquest will be held.

One Place Where There Is a Boom.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Jan. 1.—The Cambria Iron company has begun the erection of a steel rail mill, the estimated cost of which will reach $1,000,000. The foundation has been laid and part of the construction is in position. The plant is to be one of the models of the world, equal if not superior to the steel rail plants at Sparrow Point, Steelton and Braddock. There is a veritable boom in all the departments of the Gautier Steel works here.

Dying of Starvation and Abuse.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 27.—A woman named Burke was found in a hovel on East street, Allegheny, dying from starvation, abuse and neglect. She has been unconscious for two days. Her husband was lying beside her in the bed intoxicated. From bruises on her face and body it is supposed that he had beaten her.

Will Have to Hang for His Zeal.

OMAHA, Jan. 1.—Bernard McGinn, the slayer of Edward McKenna, has been sentenced by Judge Scott to hang April 6. The murder was the outgrowth of a religious fight. McKenna was an A. P. A. and McGinn a Roman Catholic.

It is reported at Minneapolis that Pension Commissioner Lochren will be appointed United States circuit judge when Judge Nelson, of St. Paul, retires, which will be in about a year.

Mayor Ochs, of Chattanooga, received a letter from an unemployed workingman threatening to blow him up with dynamite. Police are working on the matter.

Postmaster Hesing is what they call the editor of the Illinois Staats Zeitung at Chicago now. He took possession yesterday afternoon.

It is claimed by the striking bakers of Chicago that they are wining the fight and that three shops have already surrendered to the union.

Resolutions adopted by a native Indian congress held at Lahore state that 50,000,000 people of British India are on the verge of starvation.

Gov. Lewelling, of Kansas, appointed J. W. Freeborn, sheriff of McPherson county, member of the board of trustees of state charitable institutions to succeed Mrs. Mary E. Lease.

AIDED BY HIS WIFE.

Chris Evans, the Noted Outlaw, Escapes from Jail.

FRESNO, Cal., Dec. 29.—Chris Evans, of Evans and Sontag, notorious outlaws and train robbers, escaped from the county jail. Mrs. Evans was in jail with her husband, and when a keeper and waiter appeared with a lunch the bandit and his wife leveled pistols and compelled him to open the doors, the waiter also turning to assist the outlaw. Evans met the city marshal on the way out and shot him through the body. The wound is considered fatal. Evans ran toward a newsboy with a horse and cart, chased the boy out, jumped into the vehicle and drove rapidly northward. It is supposed he was met by friends at the outskirts and helped on his way to freedom. Mrs. Evans remained in the jail.

Crimes of the Outlaws.

Chris Evans, together with John Sontag who was killed recently by officers, were implicated in half a dozen train robberies and other crimes, culminating in the now notorious train robbery at Collis. When officers attempted to arrest Evans and Sontag for this the latter opened fire on the officers, made their escape to the mountains, and had been furiously hunted bandits till last September, when at a fight at Stone Corral Sontag was mortally wounded and Evans seriously hurt and captured. During their reign of terror as bandits they killed Oscar Beaver at Visalia and Vic Wilson and Andrew McGinnis at Young's Cabin. As a result of the recent trial for the murder of the latter two Evans was convicted of murder in the first degree and the penalty placed at imprisonment for life. Mrs. Evans and her daughter Eva attracted attention in a play entitled "Evans and Sontag," put on the stage for the dual purpose of creating sympathy for the bandits and securing money for Evans' defense.

EXCITEMENT IN LISBON.

Portuguese Government to Investigate the D'Arcos Affair.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—A dispatch from Lisbon says: "A great sensation has been caused in government and other circles by the report that the Portuguese minister, Compte De Paco D'Arcos, is detained by force at Rio de Janeiro. The Portuguese minister was recently recalled to Portugal, and was to have arrived here on Monday. The passengers of a steamer which has reached this port confirm the rumor that the minister is detained and a statement to this effect is said to have been forwarded by the minister's brother to the Portuguese government, and news of his detention is also said to have been telegraphed by the passengers to the minister's relatives in this city. The message forwarded by the Portuguese minister is said to have read as follows:

"Inform the Messageries company that I am unable to embark owing to force majeure. Am forcibly detained.

"PACO D'ARCOS."

The Portuguese government is said to be investigating the affair and to have asked the representative of a foreign power at Rio de Janeiro to act for Portugal in this matter.

Insurgents in a Critical Condition.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The Exchange Telegraph company says that dispatches received from Rio de Janeiro report the insurgents to be in a critical condition. Several preconcerted risings are said to have been checkmated and Admiral De Gama is reported to be disturbed by the non-arrival of reinforcements.

CHANCE FOR MR. GRESHAM.

Outrage Inflicted Upon the Crew of an American Vessel.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The steamship G. W. Clyde, from Turk's island, which has arrived here, brings report of an outrage inflicted on the crew of the American schooner Henry Crosby, which lost her bearings, and put into the port of Old Azua, San Domingo. The first officer and four seamen got into the boat and pulled for the shore. When about 300 yards out a file of soldiers, in the uniform of the Dominican government, came running down to the beach, and levelling their carbines at the men in the small boat, fired. One of the rowers threw up his hands and fell over into the bottom of the boat.

The others paused in surprise and affright, when suddenly another volley was sent by the soldiers on shore. This time the first officer was struck. The other three sailors turned the boat about and desperately pulled for the schooner. The men were taken on board, when it was found that the first officer had received a bullet in the shoulder and the seaman was struck by several balls. A bad wound in the back made it doubtful if the man would recover. A report of the affair has been made to the United States government by the consul general at San Domingo City.

Lowest Price for May Wheat.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—May wheat dropped to the lowest figure ever reached in Chicago for the May delivery. At least twenty times during the past year May wheat has made a new low record, each time being the lowest in its history up to that period. The price has now dropped to the phenomenally low figure of 64¾ cents. The highest price of the day was 65¾ cents, from which it quickly dropped to the rock bottom figures above quoted.

Alarms the Traveling Public.

PARIS, Dec. 27.—In consequence of threatening letters received by officials of the Eastern railroad, announcing the writer's intention of blowing up several stations, the baggage of passengers is subject to keen scrunity and other precautions are taken to prevent an explosion. This announcement has caused alarm among the traveling public and is leading to the further enforcement of repressive measures against the anarchists.

New Years' Generally Observed.

CHICAGO, Jan. 1.—Reports from all parts of the country indicate what New Years Day is being generally observed in the usual manner. As was the case at Christmas the hungry were feed and those in penal and charitable institutions remembered. In this city it is the case, and business is generally suspended.

New Mayor of Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Amid loud and enthusiastic cheering and surrounded by many beautiful floral tributes sent in by friends as marks of their esteem John P. Hopkins took the oath of office and was installed as the mayor of Chicago.

Stove Foundry Burned.

IRONTON, O., Dec. 28.—The Hanging Rock Stove foundry was burned to the ground. One thousand stoves and five hundred patters, and all buildings connected with the foundry were destroyed. Loss, $60,000.

STATE HAPPENINGS.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS OF INTEREST TO ILLINOISANS.

A Column of Crimes, Casualties, and Miscellaneous Matters Prepared for Our Own People—News Gathered from All Over the Prairie State.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Dec. 27.—A new story in connection with the mystery of the skeletons in the McClelland pond has gained currency here. The story is that while Alexander McClelland was engaged in the milling business in Sandoval a considerable quantity of stock was purchased and fattened on the offal and waste matter of the mill for the St. Louis market. While so engaged a Frenchman and his son were employed by Alexander McClelland to buy and attend to the stock, both stopping at the home of McClelland. This Frenchman, it is said, about 1878 or 1879, took a car load of stock to St. Louis for McClelland and sold it.

The Frenchman not returning as promptly as expected McClelland went to St. Louis in quest of him and found him in that part of St. Louis known as Old Frenchtown. Here the money for the stock was obtained by McClelland and taken back to Sandoval with him, the Frenchman remaining in St. Louis. Some time after this the Frenchman and his son returned and were engaged as before in caring for the stock. In 1879 or 1880 the Frenchman and his son disappeared, no one knowing where they went or when, fully as mysteriously as was the disappearance of the McClellands. The story has two features: If true it makes the mystery deeper; if false, and originated among the suspects, it adds another link to the chain of evidence.

ILLINOIS EDUCATORS MEET.

Points from the Address of the President —Compulsory Education.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 27.—The fortieth annual meeting of the Illinois State Teachers' association has convened here in representative hall. About 300 educators from all parts of the state are present. President J. H. Freeman, of Aurora, delivered the annual address, and principal W. M. Lawrence, of Chicago, read a paper on "The Educational Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition."

President Freeman in an address recommended that the legislature provide for the payment of necessary instruction at Teachers' Institutes from the general school fund, and that counties be requested to furnish rooms for holding the sessions of institutes, together with paying other necessary expenses. He claimed that the state had taken a step backword in the matter of compulsory education, and advocated a rigid truant law and strict execution of the provisions of the same.

American Investment Gets Sixty Days.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30. — Attorney General Moloney gives the officers of the American Building, Loan and Investment society sixty days in which to get the affairs of the society on a satisfactory financial basis, if possible, and he does not hesitate to condemn some of their official acts. He declares that the society is practically insolvent now, but believes that an extension of time in which to get things into shape may do some good and can do no harm.

Stolen Property Recovered.

GALENA, Ills., Dec. 28.—The residence of William Bainbridge, a wealthy citizen of Mifflin, was robbed while he and his family were at church attending Christmas exercises. The thieves carried away a small iron safe which contained $1,000 in cash and papers representing a value of $9,000. Failing to force the lock they buried the safe, but tracks in the snow led to the discovery of the hiding place and it was recovered with contents intact.

Captured a Bad Man.

NEWMAN, Ill., Dec. 29.—John Gill Myers, the Ambraw outlaw who recently escaped from an armed force of men seeking to lynch him, was captured at his home in the Brushy Fork neighborhood. The crime for which Myers was wanted was the hanging of his 14-year-old stepdaughter up by the thumbs. Myers was captured by Deputy Sheriff Bangley, and is now in jail at Tuscola.

Stole a Wagon Load of Goods.

DECATUR, Ills., Dec. 29.—The general store of Postmaster W. J. Myers at Elwin, five miles south of Decatur, on the Illinois Central railroad, was broken open by four men and robbed of a wagon load of merchandise. The postoffice section was not disturbed. The Decatur officers have a partial description of the robbers, who were men put off a train at Elwin by Conductor Waldy.

Fell Heir to a Fortune.

GALESBURG, Ills., Dec. 28.—Word has been received here that Dr. S. C. Williams of Denver, for many years a resident in this city, has fallen heir to $13,000,000 from the Tromely estate, through the Bank of England. His mother was the daughter of Lord Tromely, and eloped with her father's gardener.

Killed in a Saloon Row.

VANDALIA, Ills., Dec. 27.—A drunken row took place in a saloon at Smithboro, just west of here, in which William Sandifer, a young man, was struck on the head with a brick, resulting in his death. It is not known just who threw the brick and no one has been arrested.

Minonk Mine Fire Burning Again.

MINONK, Ills., Dec. 27.—The fire in the Minonk mine was not entirely put out, and has broken out at the bottom of the escape shaft, and was under such headway in a few minutes that it could not be extinguished. The mine has again been closed. Every man is safe.

Carnegie Scale for 1894.

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., Jan. 1.—Notices were posted in various parts of town asking all employes of the Carnegie Steel company to come to the office and personally inspect the scale of wages for 1894. The men rapidly responded and each one was shown the wages to be paid in his department. From some of the men who inspected the scale it has been learned that the reductions are in some cases surprising. A large number of the men signed the scale and no trouble is apprehended.

General Carlin Does Not Believe It.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 1.—General Carlin, who is visiting here, places no credence in the report of a bottle found in the Clear Water river containing a note from George Colgate, the cook of General Carlin's son's famous hunting expedition, asking that assistance be sent him. General Carlin believed it an attempt to get more money out of him.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

William Colelesier was arrested at Louisville, Ills., charged with stealing hogs from Rowland Snyder at Buena Vista.

In a street duel at Lawrenceburg, Ky., Joe Brown shot and killed Polk Moffett. The trouble arose over the arrest of Moffett's son at church.

Joseph Phillips, aged 60 years, a wealthy farmer, was killed at a Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad crossing near Steubenville, O., by an express train.

At Middlesborough, Ky., John Brown, colored, was killed in the mines, John Armstrong was knocked in the head by James Powell and will die, and John Branham was cut in the arm in a saloon fight.

W. B. Rasser killed William McLean and shot off part of John McLean's face at Howell, Ark.

Officer Horace N. Bryant, of Jacksonville, Fla., was stabbed three times by Allen Jackson, a negro desperado, whom he was trying to arrest. The officer may die.

* * *

Buffalo city authorities put 1,000 of the unemployed at work breaking paving stone at 10 cents an hour.

Dr. Paulding of Daretown, N. J., was struck by a train at South Woodstown and probably fatally injured.

Murderer Wilson Howard of St. Louis has been granted a stay of execution from Dec. 29 to Jan. 19.

Jeff Crawford, a negro, was committed to jail at Yorkville, S. C., for the alleged murder of W. H. Blackburn, a white man, whose body was found in a thick wood.

Lieutenant David J. Baker, Jr., will continue another year on special duty at the state headquarters of the Illinois National guard.

The 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Isett of Wapello, Wis., was drowned by skating into an airhole in the Iowa river.

John Camp, a revenue officer at Dalton, Ga., was shot while attempting to arrest a recently liberated inmate of the asylum.

Henry Williams blew up the saloon of David Shell at Ironton, O., with a dynamite cartridge.

* * *

Two trainmen were severely and one passenger slightly hurt in a collision at Trentville, Va.

Dennis Kennedy, charged with the murder of Mathew Leonard, was acquitted at Taylorsville, Ills.

Isaac R. Byrnes, formerly a Chicago switchman, was run over and killed at Harrisburg, Pa.

William Beyers shot his mother at Booneville, Ind., because she asked him to stop drinking liquor. She cannot recover.

At Rosalie, Tex., Ben Hamilton got drunk and meeting Thomas Bush shot him through the breast. As Bush was falling he sent a bullet through Hamilton's head. Both died on the spot.

By an explosion in a paint factory at Birmingham, Ala., Thomas Swope was fatally burned and the entire plant destroyed.

Frank Harris and William Leader of Elkhart, Ind., injured by the fall of a scaffold, sued Farmer Bros. for $10,000 damages.

Charles Kisber, a farmer near Decatur, Ill., was killed by a Wabash freight train.

* * *

A girl giving the name of Maud Patterson was taken from a Northwestern train at Oshkosh, Wis., in a dying condition. She is supposed to have taken poison.

While attempting to stop a drunken row at Sorento, Ills., the city marshal killed George Dairs, a miner.

Amsek Lambert shot and killed himself at Cincinnati. He was 22 years old. His parents live in New York. No reason is known for the act.

Smallpox has broken out on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, the most fashionable street in the city.

John McLee committed suicide at Racine, Wis., by jumping in front of a passenger train.

In a qurrel at Pueblo, Colo., Mrs. W. A. Watrous shot her sister, Mrs. J. W. Reed.

Motion for a new trial for Cyrus Brown, Columbus, Ind., wife murderer, was denied and he was sentenced to be hanged April 20, 1894.

King Humbert has increased his annual subscription to the Roman benevolent societies by $10,000.

Hattie Ione Nolan committed suicide at Elkhart, Ind., by shooting herself. The cause was a misunderstanding with the young man whom she was engaged to marry.

* * *

Charles Sheppard and Hans Hydrick, express robbers and murderers, were taken from the Jackson, Miss., jail by officers from Kansas, there to be tried for their crimes.

At Louisburg, N. C., a skeleton has been discovered disclosing the murder of a Jew peddler in July, 1892. Four persons are implicated, of whom one has confessed.

Suit has been commenced in the circuit court at Fort Wayne, Ind., by Spencer & Aiken as attorneys for Elizabeth Schaefer against Eva Henderson for $10,000 for slander. The defendant had accused the plaintiff of stealing two silk dresses.

Mrs. Sutherland.

I Had Co[illegible]re

Or swellings in the neck since I was 10 years old; am now 52. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all and I can truly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I received a letter from Mrs. Jennie Bigelow, now of Fremont, Mich., asking if my testimonial in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla was true; I replied it was, and sent particulars. I have another letter from her thanking me very much for recommending

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and stating that she also has been cured." MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—The best.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—Ritchell's co-operation.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Hallen and Hart.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Paris Exhibition."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The Black Crook."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Countess."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Span of life."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The White Slave."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Write most tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passing sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

BURCHARDISM AND POLITICS.

THE CITIZEN supposes that, as a very recurring election, counting of politicians will resort to the mean and shallow device now generically known as Burchardism. In short, a few days before election, artfully worthless about candidates will be sent broadcast to work their effect on the unlettered or the unthinking. In Chicago, particularly, this ignominious policy has been reduced to a fine art. In no American city has the political liar and misrepresentor been so potently abroad. According to him every Catholic candidate is an emissary of the Pope, seeking to abolish the American school system and bring this republic under the sway of the Vatican; according to his brother, "the other fellow," every Protestant candidate is an "A.P.A.," and every Irishman who backs his candidacy an Orangeman or a "turn-coat." It is strange that people otherwise shrewd and intelligent should be diverted from principle by such shallow subterfuge. Yet so it has happened in this country, where we boast of our enlightenment, over and over again. We have a mighty low opinion of a man that can be diverted from his public duty by an anonymous slip of paper, which indicates that such a candidate is a Catholic and should not be voted for, or that some other man is a Protestant, and should be "downed." People who can be influenced by such transparent humbug are born idiots, utterly unfit for the exercise of the franchise. No candidate can prevent bigots of any creed from voting for him. He cannot very well come out and tell them not to vote for him. He would simply be laughed at, and the gentleman on the other ticket would, in most cases, be very glad to get their support in his stead.

Anybody who knew the late brilliant James G. Blaine also knew that no more liberal man, as regarded questions of creed, ever existed. Yet, when victory was within his grasp, he was virtually defeated at the polls by the silly alliterative utterance of Burchard, a senile preacher, who associated the Democratic party, at a banquet given to Mr. Blaine, with "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." It is generally acknowledged now that Mr. Blaine's attention was not given to Burchard when the latter was mumbling the words of his written address. If it had been, the preacher would have been rebuked on the spot. Blaine uttered a withering rebuke the succeeding day, but the campaign liar was ahead of him, and the anonymous slip, containing the three fatal "Rs" was distributed broadcast wherever it would do the most good—or harm. And yet sensible Democrats and Catholics, under ordinary circumstances, would only laugh at Burchard's statement, unless, indeed, they supposed that an obscure clergyman represented the great Republican party.

"Rum" is good in its place—excellent with quinine to stave off bronchitis or pneumonia; "Romanism" can take care of itself without calling upon silly people to make an issue of it at the polls, and "Rebellion" is a dead and gone issue, which has about as much to do with American politics in our day, as the War of the Roses has to do with British politics. It is all moonshine. Such devices can succeed only with the most stupid and ignorant. A man's calling or creed is entirely his own business. The American constitution guarantees every citizen freedom to worship God as he pleases, and no other citizen can interfere with that privilege, except in a certain small boy way, intended for political persecution, as in some recent cases which might be mentioned. Ignorance is the only hope of the campaign liar. With men of sense and intelligence he is fast becoming a back number.

DEATH OF BISHOP DONNELLY.

The good old bishop of the ancient diocese of Clogher, the Right Rev. James Donnelly, D. D., died at his residence in the city of Monaghan on Dec. 20. He had been bishop of the diocese since 1865, and but recently enjoyed the witnessing the dedication of the splendid new cathedral erected by his pious labors. Bishop Donnelly was a noble ecclesiastic and had a loving heart for his unhappy country. He was not, in any sense, a political prelate and devoted himself exclusively to the high and holy duties of his sacred office. Dr. Donnelly was a regular subscriber for THE CITIZEN, and, only a few months ago, we had a pleasant letter from him in regard to some mention we had made of his cathedral, in which he took great pride. It was Dr. Donnelly who received Maj. W. C. McClure, of this city, formerly a Presbyterian, into the Catholic church, when, in company with the late Owen Murray, the Major revisited the land of his birth, and both publicly made the cause of Ireland, in historic Monaghan. The city lies within a few miles of the victorious battlefields of the great Hugh O'Neill—Clontibret, Brumfield and Beal-an-gan-Mak-buidhe (Yale-an-shawbwee) or the Yellow Ford. It is, in fact, a classic spot in Ulster. Dr. Donnelly's death is deeply lamented throughout Ireland.

CATHOLICS MASSACRED BY COSSACKS.

The Russian Emperor is reported to be fearful of poison in his food and of every weapon, secret or open, that desperate men may use against his life. Although he is Czar of all the Russias, the humblest American worshipper, who is able to earn enough money to keep his family from want, is happier than this mighty potentate. He is the head of an atrocious system of government, which has come down to Russia from the dark ages. Recently, the unfortunate Russian Jews were the chief objects of Muscovite persecution. Now the course of demoniacal fanaticism is directed against the Catholics of the Czar's dominions. In reading the accounts of atrocities perpetrated by the savage Cossacks a month or two ago, we are forcibly reminded of what has been written of English cruelty to the Irish Catholics in the penal days. We are well aware that neither Germany nor England is friendly to Russia, and while making all due allowance for reports of Russian cruelty coming from these countries, we cannot believe that the following well authenticated despatch can be a fabrication:

"BERLIN, JAN. 2.—In November last the *Vossische Zeitung* of this city published a story from Kovno, capital of the government of that name in Russia, that the imperial authorities had ordered the Catholic church at Kroschc, in that government, to be closed. With the purpose, it was said, of preventing the order from being carried out a large number of Catholics took possession of the church and held it, day and night, against the authorities. The Governor at last sent a troop of Cossacks to dislodge the defenders of the church and a desperate conflict resulted. Twenty of the Catholics were said to have been killed with swords or lances, while 100 were reported to have been wounded. Those who were hurt or only slightly injured fled from the church, pursued by the Cossacks who drove them into a river, where many of them were drowned. The orthodox peasants were said to have aided in the massacre.

"Shortly after the publication of this story the Russian papers came out with an official version of the affair, denying the story of the massacre.

"Today the *Volks-Zeitung* publishes mail advices from Krosche, bearing out in every particular the first story of the killing of the Catholics. It adds that the Cossacks displayed the greatest barbarity, and took fiendish delight in killing defenseless women and children. After the capture of the church by the military the altar was desecrated in every conceivable way, some of the Cossacks throwing the host from the altar and trampling upon it. The religious symbols and church decorations were destroyed. The people who had been killed by lance thrusts or by blows from swords, were lying about the church in every direction, while those who were wounded were lying among them groaning and moaning, while the Cossacks, heedless of their piteous appeals, looted upon them with their heavy boots and sometimes struck at them with their spurs.

"In the meantime the Catholics who had fled when they saw so many of their comrades fall ran in the direction of the river. A sepratе band of Cossacks started after them, brandishing their lances and swords and shouting at the tops of their voices: 'Kill the cattle.' Half of the fleeing people fell to the ground in an agony of fright and were struck with lances by the horsemen as they dashed by in pursuit of the fugitives. Several are alleged to have been killed in this manner. When the river was reached many of the fugitives plunged in and sought to swim to the other side. A number of them could not stem the current and were drowned, the Cossacks standing on the bank laughing and jeering at them in response to their cries for help.

"Those who did not jump into the river were secured by the Cossacks and taken back to the town, where those who had been captured at the church were held as prisoners. The authorities ordered that all of them be flogged, and the order was carried out in the market place. Women, as well as men, were stripped until they were practically naked, and, surrounded by the heartless Cossacks and orthodox Russians, they were whipped with knouts.

"The story has created widespread indignation and persons who are conversant with the nature of the Cossacks place no faith in the official denial of their actions on this occasion."

HON. T. H. CARTER'S VIEWS.

The Hon. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, chairman of the National Republican Committee, was in the city Tuesday, en route to Washington, D.C., and stopped at the Grand Pacific Hotel. While there he was, of course, interviewed on the existing political and economic situation and expressed himself in part as follows:

"Cleveland and his friends predicted that the repeal of the Sherman law would prove a panacea for every ill from which the country was suffering, but the conditions of unrest and mistrust remain to contradict this assumption. So extensive has a lack of confidence in business affairs become that it is very obvious that Mr. Cleveland and his advisers did not apprehend the situation when the party in congress was made to do his will in the passage of the repeal bill.

"The effect of the threat to completely revolutionize the economic system of the government is felt in advance of the accomplishment; and the real difficulty is to be found in the uncertainty as to what the party in power may think to do, so as to touch every business interest in the country. The impairment of any one is a menace to every other one in the land.

"The Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States have suffered severely from the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman law, and a consequent depreciation in the value of their silver product.

"They now view with the greatest possible concern the schedule of the Wilson bill relating to wool and lumber. The two schedules, as printed, are adopted the result will be the complete destruction of their interests. The injury will be the more important interests have to addition to striking down silver, will prove a very serious blow to the industrial life of every state west of the Missouri River.

"I can say, in view of what has thus far occurred under the present Democratic administration, that there are no Democrats out West, except such as are hopeful and expectant of office under the present administration. One of the leading Democratic newspapers of Denver is now openly advocating the principles of protection, and other acts are passive."

ABOLITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The English Chamber of Lords, not content with having consigned the Home Rule bill to limbo, are actively engaged in cutting off heads, so to speak, out of the English reform measures which have been submitted to them by the Gladstone government. They killed the only vital principle of the Employers' Liability bill which was of any advantage to employers. The Parish Councils' bill may receive similar treatment at the hands of these senile numbskulls.

England is now face to face with a very serious problem. Is she to be governed by her own elected representatives, or will she continue to permit a gang of hereditary knaves to misgovern her and treat the demands of the people with contempt? Surely in these democratic times, the House of Lords is a most glaring anomaly. It has no natural right to legislate for the people who had no voice in its enactment. It is simply a barbarous relic of feudalism which would have been long since swept away if John Bull had had the hereditary instincts of some of his forefathers in him.

The English masses are now meditating how they will curtail the powers of the House of Peers or whether they ought not agitate to abolish that House altogether. The abolition of that gilded chamber has many supporters among the members of the National Liberal Club of London, who form the advanced guard of the Gladstonian party. Mr. Labouchere, a prominent Radical, who has always been a friend of Ireland and of liberty—intends to move in the Lower House the following resolution:

"That the existence of a branch of the legislature, the members of which are not elected by their fellow-citizens, is at variance with the principle of self-government, that the fact that the opinions of the large majority of those sitting and voting in the House of Lords are always of one political complexion renders it impossible for the government of the country to be efficiently carried on in accordance with the views of the electorate whenever their views are at variance with those of the aforesaid majority. This House, therefore, demands the abolition of all hereditary rights or rights derived from the sanction of superstition to sit and vote in Parliament, and calls on its ministers to submit a bill to the House in order to give effect to this resolution."

The above resolution is explained in this motion. The hereditary principle must go if England purposes to legislate for herself without the aid of so-called noblemen who are no more in sympathy with the masses than they are with the unfortunate Matabeles or with Bengalese baboons.

Judging these hereditary legislators on their personal merits, it is a notorious fact that political genius or talent is almost as rare among them as a white blackbird. With the exceptions of Rosebery, Devonshire, Salisbury and Spencer the gilded chamber is a collection of brainless squires, whose illiterate jokes and idiotic ignorance disqualify them for the legislative work on which they are supposed to be engaged. It was from this material that Wellesley, as the command of Queen Victoria that D'Israeli consented to become a peer. "I do not care," observed the eminent Hebrew, "to herd with such imbeciles!" Moreover, the overwhelming majority of these legislators never attend the sittings of the House except when a measure of a radical nature comes up for discussion and settlement. Then, and only then, they muster in their hundreds to oppose the popular will. On other occasions they rarely muster a baker's dozen. THE CITIZEN wishes every success to the new movement about to be organized for the suppression of these patrician hoodlums.

THE recent sudden and unexpected death of Mr. William L. Onahan, of this city, manager of the Chicago *Tribune*, removed from earthly scenes one of the most popular men connected with newspaper life in this city. The duties of editor and financier, and his place in the *Tribune* office will be difficult to fill. He was about fifty-five years old, and had been connected with the Tribune for a portion of the paper he served so well during the greater portion of his life.

THE death is announced of Dr. McCarthy, bishop of Cloyne, county Cork. The deceased prelate was a profound Gaelic scholar, and always took a friendly interest in the progress of that ancient language.

MICHAEL DAVITT is out in a letter denying that he had any knowledge whatever of Dr. Cronin before his murder, or that he had in anyway intimated that the unfortunate physician was a British spy. Neither did he ever write a letter to Daniel Coughlin on that or any other subject. A body of men, styling themselves the Irish Nationalist Committee, have replied to the statement of Mr. Davitt by asking him, in effect, to be more explicit. Anybody acquainted with Mr. Davitt's splendid character would never accuse him of having any connection or sympathy with a conspiracy to do murder. He is not that kind of a man. Mary Cruise is equally as brilliant whatever to Davitt, but the contrary. At the same time, it feels that it would be an injustice to allow him to be wrongfully accused. To associate the name of such a man with a foul murder is an outrage.

MR. EDWARD BLAKE, M·P., has received permission from his colleagues to return to Canada for the recuperation of his health.

MR. P. W. CROWE has been appointed court bailiff of the Circuit court of this county by Sheriff Gilbert, on the recommendation of Judge Gibbons. Mr. Crowe has been a lifelong working Republican. During the war he filled ably the responsible position of armorer and the St. Louis government arsenal. He was, for many years, foreman of the Peoria Gaslight and Coke Company. During his residence in Chicago, he was, for seven years, a clerk in the Recorder's office, under Col. Wing, Scribner and Capt. John Stephens. Subsequently he was employed in the office of County Clerk Wulff. Mr. Crowe's many friends approve of Judge Gibbons' action in appointing him as court bailiff. THE CITIZEN congratulates Mr. Crowe on his well-deserved appointment. He has ever had no voice in the politics of this county, is a man devoted to principle, without regard to consequences.

MR. JOHN REDMOND, M. P., speaking recently at Thurles, admitted regretfully that the prospects of Home Rule had never been darker for years been at no gloomy as they are at present. This is evidently the sad truth about the Irish political situation. Mr. Redmond did not, however, expound in his speech any special programme for dispelling the gloom that hangs over the Home Rule cause.

SALISBURY'S plan for the redemption of Ireland has collapsed. It may be remembered that when the Tory leader held office, he suggested the expatriation of Irishmen to Manitoba in order to colonize that province. A few score of simple-minded persons and their families proceeded from Ireland to that desolate cline and settled down in a district known as Killarney. We are now informed that they are unable to pay off the instalments of money on advances originally made them—with the result that their farms have been seized by the government. Such is the dire fate of the credulous people who believed in Salisbury's magic plan.

THE appointment of the Hon. Christopher Mamer as superintendent of the public service for Cook county has given universal satisfaction in this community. Mr. Mamer's able discharge of the duties of collector of internal revenue for this district during the past four years, stamped him as a man of affairs, and such a man is wanted to look after the public service of the county in the present hard times. Mr. Mamer's acquaintance with public finances has been more than ordinarily extensive, as he was assistant city treasurer during the term of C. Herman Plantz. The duties of superintendent of public service are onerous, and demand a large amount of executive ability. The county board could have made no better selection for this important position than Mr. Mamer.

OF the few score of chief secretaries for Ireland since the Union, only two were natives of that country—the Iron Duke, otherwise Sir Arthur Wellesley, and Lord Mayo. Both, however, were mongrels, or, in other words, anti-Irish Irishmen.

THERE is some dispute as to whether the Hon. William J. Onahan, of this city, is a count or not. It is certain that he is not a New York count. It is equally so that, America being a republic, he is not a Chicago count, but he may be a Roman count, by favor of his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Onahan himself does not believe he is a count. He is, according to Italy, "plain William Onahan, a simple American citizen, who has been distinguished by the Pope, who recently created him Cameriere Segreto de Cappa e Spada." This title is formidable enough. Reduced to plain "Saxon" jargon it means private chamberlain—an honorary office, which carries with special privileges. If Mr. Onahan should ever visit the Vatican. The distinction was conferred because of Mr. Onahan's zeal and success in getting up the Catholic Congress recently held in this city, and for other eminent services to the Catholic church in this country. The time may come when Mr. Onahan may be known, post mortemly, as St. William of Chicago.

MR. D. J. O'DONOGHUE, of London, is engaged on a supplementary volume to his Dictionary of Irish Poets, in which he gives the lives and records of the literary careers of Irish bards who happened to be omitted from the parts already published.

THE old English premier is a royalist to the marrow of his four bones. He recently stood up in the English parliament, and, under continuance of cheers, the $125,000 allowance that the Duke of Edinburgh draws annually from the British exchequer. This "dook," who is the queen's son-in-law, is also king of a about to start, he was pounced upon by a detective who pulled him out of the carriage. He was taken to the detectives' headquarters where he was searched and subsequently told that he must on no account leave the city. Is not this a nice sample of the heart-and-hand peace policy of the Gladstonians? This interference with personal liberty is abominable. And yet Mr. Gladstone continues to be the idol of the Irish people!

THE notorious Capt. O'Shea, who has already run through the large fortune left him by his former wife's aunt, has just been adjudicated a bankrupt.

T. M. HEALY has at last broken the silence he imposed upon upon him by his colleagues. On being asked whether he was the author of the articles in the *Fortnightly Review* signed "X," to which THE CITIZEN referred some weeks ago, he oracularly replied: "Am I the author of the Book of Genesis?"

MR. LUDWIG, the well known baritone, is at present maturing a scheme for a revival of old Irish music. "That there is a distinctively Irish music," he says, "there can be no difficulty in proving. Its characteristics are very marked, and its antiquity is no less certain. The scale as used in old Irish music is the same as that used by the ancient Hebrews, and in other ways it seems to show an Eastern origin, or at least a connection with the East in early days. There is a similarity not found in any category of several old Oriental lullabies, and that of some of our best Gaelic ones."

CLEVELAND has failed in his efforts to catch the Hawaiian bull by the horns. He has resigned the position of keeper, and asked Congress to perform that dangerous feat on his behalf.

MR. PEEL, the speaker of the British House of Commons, and the sergeant-at-arms of that "first assembly of gentlemen in the world" are both down with la grippe. That disease has as little respect for the persons of top lofty British officials as it has for the rowdies of Whitechapel. It is amusing to read the bulletins of the medical attendants of these distinguished invalids which are given in the columns of the *Times*: "Mr. Peel is much the same today. He is suffering acute pains." "The sergeant-at-arms passed a rather restless and feverish night." Poor fellows!

AN income tax! Qualification, an annual revenue of $4,000, at 2 per cent! The majority of American revenues will be exactly $3,999 henceforth—but or nothing! Why not a window tax? Why not a chimney tax? Why not a tax on air? Why not on sunlight? Why not on good health? Oh, the glorious Democratic party! Hurrah for Free Trade, sailors' rights and soup houses! An income tax! Holy Smoke and General Jackson!

MAYOR HOPKINS has begun well in inisting, as in the case of the projected Northwestern "L" road, that corporations receiving benefits from Chicago shall give compensation to the city in return. Railroad companies of all kinds enjoy a great deal from Chicago, and Chicago, in turn, has done a great deal for them, "from, gratis, all for nothing." It is about time that the spirit of mutual benefit should enter into the relations of privileged corporations and the city. Mayor Roche, ably seconded by Commissioner George B. Swift, began the good work. THE CITIZEN is glad to find Mayor Hopkins following in his excellent example. The same policy ought to have been pursued by all the mayors of Chicago, but, unfortunately, it was not. The public had to pay the piper, while the corporations, growing rich on municipal privileges, danced and made merry.

A FULL statement from authorized sources is published of the various funds under the control of the McCarthyite party. The accounts cover the period from August, 1892, to October, 1893. The political fund, and from October, 1892, to October, 1893, for the fund devoted to the evicted tenants. Some $125,000 have been subscribed for "political purposes," and $85,000 for the tenants. Of this money Ireland subscribed $100,000; Britain, $10,000; the United States, $45,000, and Australia $30,000. It will be noticed that the American subscriptions have fallen off considerably since the death of Mr. Parnell.

MAYOR HOPKINS nominated William K. Ackerman city controller, and Harry Rubens corporation counsel. The nominations were confirmed by the city council at its last meeting. Mr. Ackerman is a financier of national reputation, and Mr. Rubens is an able and accomplished lawyer. So also municipal changes are not to have been made.

WE are promised the truth about a matter which has been for over a century and a half puzzled literary quidnuncs and bibliophiles. Recently found documents will, it is said, prove beyond all infallible doubt that the remarkable letters written over that pseudonym, is none other than Sir Philip Francis, who was a native of Dublin.

EDITOR STEAD, who is still slumming it in this city, failed to raise £100,000 which he begged the English people to lend him for the establishment of a big daily, of which he himself would be the editor and infallible pope. It is said, however, that a foolish money klug of this country has advanced two-thirds of the capital asked for.

"THE King is dead—Long live the King!"
Old Ninety-Three is o'er;
But, culled from his green grave we bring
Laurels for Ninety-Four!

THE young Duke of Leinster is only six years old. He has, it is said, all the consolations of royalty without it may be argued that he has inherited the daring of Silken Thomas, and the patriotic fervor of Lord Edward. Unfortunately his education and surroundings will be adverse to any such anticipations; but still the early traing of the Geraldine of '98 had no baneful effect on his Republican and Nationalist principles.

THE JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY.

Fame of the Establishment Not to End With One Man's Life.

The furniture store of John M. Smyth, on the West Side, was incorporated under the laws of the State at Springfield yesterday as the John M. Smyth company, with a capital stock of $100,000. The reason for the change is that Mr. Smyth believes the great prestige of the house should be perpetuated, and that the fame gained by advertising should not terminate with the life of one individual. The employes are pleased with the change, especially the heads of departments, who will be given an opportunity to more closely identify themselves with the interests of the house by the purchase of stock. The incorporators of the company might be John M. Smyth are John S. Miller and Lorenzo C. Brooks, lawyers. Mr. Smyth goes to Brooks, lawyers. Mr. Smyth goes to Europe in a few years in the business. "The good will and the reputation of our concern," said he, "are too valuable to allow them to terminate with the life of any one person, and the best way to insure them is to have it in the future as an incorporated company." It was hinted that the company might include North and one or more enterprises of a character similar to that which it is at present engaged in.—*Tribune, Jan. 3.*

FORGET NOT THE BARD.

Mr. Russell, From Dublin, Exhorts His Kindred In This Country to Universally Celebrate the Anniversary of Tom Moore Next May.

A Studied Effort Being Made in England and Ireland to Cry Down the Memory of the Great Irish Poet.

DUBLIN, Dec. 21.—I beg, and beg as sincerely as I ever begged forgiveness of the worst sin I ever committed, that the Irish of Chicago will celebrate the next anniversary of the birth of Moore by such a display of numbers and enthusiasm as was never before seen in that city; and I beg that the Irish in every city in the Union will turn out on the 28th of next May and show the English haters of Moore, and the scribbling Irish Shoneens, spoken of in my last letter, who hate him because they cannot approach him, that there is Irish patriotism and manhood enough in America to shame the emasculated Irish detractors of Moore in this country. Here let me give the opinion of one of the noblest poets that ever lived on the poetry of Moore—no countryman or co-religionist of his, but one of the really few noble and unbigoted minds that England has produced—Lord Byron. He says in his diary: "For to me, some of Moore's last Eirin sparks, 'As a Beam O'er the Face of the Water May Glow,' 'When He Who Adored Thee,' 'Blame not the Bard,' 'O Breathe not His Name,' are worth more than all the epics that were ever composed!"

There! let the so-called—heaven help us—national Irish despisers of Moore ponder these words of Byron. Never was there such praise given by a great poet to another poet. When Byron wrote these words, he could have had no object whatever in writing them, except to express the inner secret thoughts of his mind. He wrote them in a diary, and had no guarantee whatever that they would ever be printed. They may be seen in the first volume of Moore's Life of Byron, at page 558. The greater part of the book is taken up by a copy of Byron's diary.

Nothing can show more plainly the way Ireland is being Anglicized and denationalized in its upper and middle classes than the growing neglect among them for Moore and for Irish music. The humbler—I hate to use the word lower—classes who have not been bedevilled by reading English literature, are, as a rule, as Irish as ever they were; and it is almost entirely among them that a desire to revive the Irish language is found. Not one in a hundred of the so-called upper classes, Catholic or Protestant, care a *thraneen* about it. This is one reason why Douglas Hyde should be not only loved but almost worshipped by every Irishman who has any soul in him, or any love for his country and race. There are probably not a score of men in all Ireland of Dr. Hyde's class who take any interest at all in the magnificent work he has done and is doing for his country. No matter how Irish or English literary Shoneens may despise or neglect what Dr. Hyde has done, he will surely be a household word in the mouths of millions unborn; for it is not possible to conceive that work such as his will not be appreciated some time. His "story shall the good man teach his son;" for it is a story that the virtuous should love and that the youthful should profit by.

If something is not done soon to stamp out Shoneenism in Ireland, she may as well throw up the sponge at once. Even Scotland seems to be vastly less under English influence and teaching than Ireland is. Sigerson has just told me that when he was travelling in Scotland last summer, he remarked that in hotels and steamboats, and everywhere the wealthy and educated classes of Scotch people were enjoying themselves during vacation, he hardly heard any songs but Scotch songs, or any music but Scotch music; and that he felt ashamed of Ireland, knowing how the Irish of the same class as the Scotch would boycott Irish songs and music. I was at an entertainment in the house of a well known Irishman here some weeks ago. There were two young men there bearing the most pronounced Celtic names, and Catholics, both of them. They were the best amateur violinists I ever heard, but not one Irish air did either of them know. Now, this is simply shocking; it is more, it is dreadful. Is it any wonder that the name of Moore should not be mentioned in a lecture to men of their kind? Is it any wonder that the sale of Moore's poetry is almost nil in Ireland? Anything that is not praised by the English press and in English current literature, will be boycotted by the rising generaiton of young Irish "gentlemen." You might as well try to look for a Home Ruler among the Belfast Orangemen as to find an English publication of the present day that would print a word in favor of Moore. When he published his poetry at first, it had an enormous sale in England. The English were dazzled by its beauty; but very soon they began to see that Moore was an "Irish rebel poet," and they read him no more. It is a fact that in spite of the extraordinary sensation that his poetry excited in England when first produced, he is as unknown today among the reading masses of the English people as Beaumont and Fletcher, or the most obscure rhymer of the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

Now, this fact, this disdain or the hatred the English and their ignoble imitators in this country have for Moore, and for the glorious music he clothed in words as noble as itself, should inspire you on the other side of the Atlantic to put forth your mightiest efforts to undo what has been done over here, and to show the mean, unmanly and unpatriotic Irish of Ireland who despise Moore, that the Irish of America are not Anglicized snobs, and that they could, even if for no other reason, love him "for the enemies he has made."

I know that times are not good in America at present, and that our countrymen on your side of the Atlantic have so many national anniversaries to celebrate, that it is a great strain on the less wealthy part of them; but as things stand now in the matter of Irish Nationalism, the anniversary of Moore is, in my opinion at least, the most important of them all, for celebrating it shows the American sympathizers with Ireland, and it shows the world at large that we pay attention to the finer and higher sort of nationality, that raised men above the mere bread and butter of life. Nationality is sentiment; and when it ceases to be sentiment, it ceases to be nationality. Try and get artists that can do justice to the magnificent poetry of Moore. Be sure you get Carusi. I have always said and say so still, that she is the greatest living renderer of Celtic melody. Wishing you a *Nodlog shona agus bliadhain nuadh sheunmhar*, or a happy Christmas and pleasant New Year, I close for the present.

T. O. R.

A DREAM OF THE BOYNE.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

I stood by the Boyne's bright waters;
As I gazed on its placid flood—
I dreampt of the age of slaughters
When the river ran red with blood;
When two kings for three crowns contended
Across the purling springs,
Where the patriot Celts defended
The last of the Stuart kings.

I backwark glanced at the ages
Of bloodshed and fraud and crime,
At the crimson blots on the pages—
The stains on the book of time:
I watch'd the sturdy Norman
With his conquering legions come,
And noted the Saxon warman
With his battleax and drum.

Saw the Hessian bent on pillage—
Vandal troopers seeking spoil—
Plunder farm and house and village,
Steal the substance of the soil;
Saw the Dutchman and the Frenchman*
Trample liberty and law,
And the Brandenburger henchman
Wave the banner of Nassau.

Saw vile mercenaries swarming—
Human wolves in search of prey—
And the river batteries storming—
Where the patriots stood at bay.
Saw the bayonets sharply bristle,
Heard the clanging of the steel—
The musketry's sharp whistle,
And the murderous cannon's peal.

Saw a patriot people fighting
'Gainst the knaves of lust and crime,
'Gainst dark wrongs that needed righting;
In that savage-iron time,
Fighting 'gainst the base invaders
For their homesteads and their fires,
For the faith of the crusaders
For the birthland of their sires.

Then sigh'd for a martial master
To wield the conqueror's sword—
Shield fair Erin from disaster,
And crush the hireling horde,
I heard the battle's thunder
And startled from my dream,
Saw the butchery and plunder,
Where Nassau had cross'd the stream.

*The Huguenot regiments under Ruvigny and Caillemot.

IRISH NEWS.

A reunion, in celebration of the fifty-third anniversary of the birth of Gen. Thomas F. Burke and of the foundation of the Fenian movement, was held in the rooms of the National Club, Rutland square, Dublin, on Dec. 11. Mr. Fred J. Allen delivered an address suitable to the occasion.

The Oldcastle monthly fair was held on the 15th ult. There was a fair supply of stock and a good attendance of local buyers from Navan, Kells, Drogheda, as well as from Dublin, Belfast, and other places, and the demand wasan improvement on recent fairs and prices were fairly remunerative. Prime heifer beef rated at 60s to 64s per cwt; second class and inferior, 48s to 55s per cwt; fat sheep, £2 2s to £2 15s; hoggets and stores, 28s to 35s. Springers and milkers were scarce and at once bought up at high prices. Young springers promising a full supply of milk, £18 to £21; second class, £13 to £15 10s; freshly calved cows, £14 to £16 10s; second class, £10 to £12 10s; three year old heifers and bullocks, £11 to £13 10s; two year old £7 15s to £9 10s; yearlings, £3 15s to £5 10s. There was a good supply of pigs; light porkers were in demand at 52s to 54s per cwt; heavy, 45s to 48s per cwt; stores, 30s to 35s; slips, 17s to 24s.

Gaelic football is rapidly going ahead in Wexford. Although there is yet no step taken on the part of the prominent Gaels of the county to call a convention, there is, says the *Independent*, a very keen anxiety on their part to again join the ranks. The Young Irelands of Wexford have affiliated with the Central Council, and have asked that body for special permission to compete in the inter-county matches.

The Rev. E. Kavanagh, Adm., Carlow, has been transferred to the parish of Rathoe as assistant or administrator to the Rev. Father Nolan, P. P., who is in declining health. Father Kavanagh is succeed in Carlow by Rev. John Cullen, C.C., Kildare.

A posse of the Royal Irish Constabulary recently invaded the barony of Mourne and arrested two young men named Burns, sons of a farmer living at Moneydarraghmore, and an old man named McCartan, of Ballyvay, near Kilkeel, on a civil warrant issued by the vice-chancellor, for contempt of court in cutting and taking away seaweed from the Mourne shore, in violation of the decree of last year awarding the seaweed along the Mourne shore as the exclusive property of Earl Kilmorey. The prisoners were conveyed to jail under a heavy escort of police. The case of McCartan is particularly hard. He holds a few acres of land adjoining the shore, and he only lifted the seaweed washed up along the edge of his little farm. He is an old man with a young family, and barely able to eke out an existence for his wife and family. It is stated that none of the parties trespassed in defiance of the decree of the court, but they believed they had a right to the seaweed opposite their holdings, as this was enjoyed by their predecessors from time immemorial. The arrests created the greatest sensation in the neighborhood, and one not calculated to strengthen the good relationship between landlord and tenant in the barony of Mourne.

The Glasgow chamber of commerce has concurred with the Belfast chamber, the Dublin chamber and others interested in the mercantile prosperity of the country, in memorializing the Commissioners of Irish Lights to place a lighthouse on Blackhead, at the entrance of Belfast Lough.

The lord lieutenant has appointed Richard P. McCoy, T. C., Greenville House, South Circular road, and 7 and 8 Bridgefoot street, and Kilcoleman House, county Limerick, to be high sheriff of the county of the city of Dublin for the coming year.

At a meeting of the Dublin Waterworks Committee on the 15th ult. the entere subject of water supply was under consideration. At that time the Roundwood reservoir was 30.58 below the high level. The lowest point reached during the crisis was 38.83, and at that time there were 76,523,000 gallons in the reservoir. On Dec. 14 there were 244,034,787 gallons in the reservoir.

The foundation stone of the new town hall at Clontarf was laid Dec. 21, with appropriate ceremonies.

During the four weeks ended Dec. 2, 1893, the births within the Dublin metropolitan area registered 735, and were in the annual ratio of 28.0 per 1,000 of population. The births registered as having occurred within the city of Dublin numbered 585, and were in the ratio of 31.1 per 1,000 of the population. The deaths within the metropolitan registration area numbered 717 during the same period, the ratio of 26.7 per 1,000. The deaths within the municipal area, or city, numbered 585, the ratio of 31.1 per 1,000. The death rate in November was 1.72 per 1,000 in excess of the mean rate in the corresponding period of the previous ten years. On the other hand the zymotic death-rate, notwithstanding the prevalence of typhoid fever, was 0.41 per 1,000 below the mean rate for November in the previous ten years.

Through the accidental overturning of a lamp, Mr. John Leeson, Mr. George Leeson, and Mrs. George Leeson, of Rathdrum, received serious injuries on Dec. 16.

Mr. P. J. O'Connor, of the firm of Messrs. O'Connor, of Queen street, Dublin, has sold two farms at figures which indicate that land convenient to the Irish metropolis has an upward tendency in value. On the 14th ult. a farm at Portmarnock, near Malahide, containing 40 Irish acres, held at a judicial rent of £144 per annum, was disposed of for a sum of £775 and commission, to Mr. Monks, solicitor, Bachelor's walk, in trust. There was a good attendance of buyers, and the biddings were brisk and spirited.

The funeral of Mrs. Jane Mullett, the mother of Joseph Mullett, at present a political prisoner in Maryborough jail, took place from her late residence, No. 12 Lower Bridge street, Dec. 20. On the very morning of her death a letter was received from her only son asking her to bear up against the fate that separated them at this time of "peace and good will to men." A petition was made to the under secretary, Dublin Castle, to allow the prisoner the sad privilege of attending the funeral of his only relative on earth, but the curt reply came, "It is not within his excellency's power to comply with the request made." A communication was then made to the governor of the jail asking him to break the news as gently as possible to the son who has now undergone more than ten years' imprisonment. Kindly friends were not wanting who supplied Mrs. Mullett with all that religion and love demanded to make her last moments peaceful.

On Dec. 21 a young man named James Byrne was instantly killed at Mountpleasant, near Tullamore, by the upsetting of a bread van which he was driving.

RECENT DEATHS—Rev. E. L. O'Brien, O.S.A., Cork. Dec. 18, at 3 Fingall street, Dublin, Catherine, wife of John Byrne, and daughter of the late John Waters, of Wicklow. Dec. 18, at 9 Bath street, Irishtown, John Finn. Dec. 19, at Finglas, John Flood, aged 60. Dec. 17, William, eldest son of Thomas Kenna, Stillorgan Gate, county Dublin, aged 13. Dec. 15, at his residence, Kenny, Mullingar, Peter, younger son of the late Peter Murray, Esq. Dec. 17, at 55 Trinity road, Bootle, Elizabeth, relict of the late Thos. Young, formerly of Air Mount House, Dublin, aged 74. Dec. 20, at 4 Vernon avenue, Clontarf, Patrick Byrne, also of Ferry Bank, Arklow, aged 64. Dec. 20, at 23 Newgrove avenue, Sandymount, Mary, relict of the late Michael Colman. Dec. 20, at 2 Abercorn terrace, Sydney parade, John Duggan, aged 74, formerly member of the firm of McSwiney, Delany & Co., Dublin. Dec. 19, Maria Teresa (Lily), youngest daughter of the late James Dwyer, solicitor, Dublin. Dec. 20, at 1 Zion road, Rathgar, Mrs. Elizabeth Humphrys, aged 74. Dec. 20, at 21 Luke street, Dublin, Mary, widow of the late Patrick Kelly. Dec. 20, at 8 Windsor terrace, Fairview, Mrs. Mary Maginn, aged 78.

Something Interetisng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

SHERIDAN CLUB.

The New Year's Ball of the Organization a Most Brilliant Social Event.

None But Members of the Club and Their Families Were Invited to Attend.

The New Year's ball of the Sheridan Club, given at their beautiful club house, Michigan boulevard and Forty-first street, on Tuesday evening, was attended exclusively by members and their families, as no outside invitations were issued. It was a brilliant social event—one that deserves to be memorable in the annals of the club. The committee which had the arrangements in their charge was composed as follows:

Messrs. J. H. Gregory, John J. Kinsella, Daniel Gallagher, Nicholas J. Nelson and John P. McGrath. The entire clubhouse was decorated with roses, palms, ferns and evergreen, with a judicious mixture of holly that told in color that the holiday period was not yet over. The stairway leading to the parlors and ballroom on the second floor was hidden with potted plants and behind these decorations Valisi's orchestra was hidden and played agreeable mandolin music. In the ballroom above, where roses and large plants were conspicuous, Fitzgerald's orchestra of ten pieces provided the dance music. At 9 o'clock the dancers were ready for the grand march, having been made welcome by the receiving party, composed of the following ladies and gentlemen: Messrs. and Mesdames Thomas F. Deveny, J. H. Gregory; Messrs. Michael Cudahy, P. L. McArdle, John J. Kinsella, T. F. Keeley, Nicholas J. Nelson, Daniel Gallagher. At 9:30 o'clock the grand march was led by Mr. T. F. Keeley and Miss Camilla Clayton. After six dances Mr. Eugene A. Bournique took charge of affairs and led the cotillon. Between 11 and 1 o'clock supper was served under the direction of Steward King, in the billiard room and cafe on the first floor.

Many pretty ladies were in attendance, and all of them were handsomely attired. Among the most noticeable were: Miss Camilla Clayton, light blue silk and brown velvet, with a pendant of diamonds; Miss Mamie Nelson, light blue silk, trimmed with sable; Mrs. Augustine Walsh, pink brocaded satin; Mrs. Albert Plamondon, pale green brocade, trimmed with tulle, white lace and pink roses; Miss Josie Baggot, white silk and gold passementerie; Mrs. John W. Trainor, black moire, with pink ribbons and white lace; Miss Clara Keeley, pink brocade with brown velvet sleeves, duchesse lace and pink roses; Mrs. M. McDermott, pink and cream brocade, large puffed sleeves with pink velvet, point lace, solitaire diamonds; Miss Josie Murphy, white silk, trimmed with lace and pink roses; Mrs. Harry Burn, white brocade with red velvet sleeves and point lace, diamonds; Miss Helena Healey, white silk with lace; Mrs. John O'Malley, blue crystal silk, trimmed with brown velvet and point lace, diamonds; Mrs. P. H. Rice, pink brocade and diamonds; Miss Maggie Weadley, white silk trimmed with lace, and shoulder knot of red roses.

Among the many in attendance were Messrs. and Mesdames D. J. Simpson, W. L. Schaub, T. F. DeVeney, J. H. Baggot, John O'Malley, J. M. Crennan, G. W. Manning, John D. Baggot, J. B. Doerr, J. F. Doerr, James E. Baggot, Dr. W. T. Thackeray, J. M. Ball, L. F. Collins, J. P. Bowles, James Sullivan, Thomas Conlon, J. G. Tait, J. T. Young, J. McKernan, G. K. Wright, R. R. English, M. J. Corboy, F. T. McMahon, John F. Cook, M. Cummings, A. A. Canavan, J. W. Donohue, W. L. Kerber, George Enger, Dr. C. H. McCarty, F. H. Mealiff, F. G. Shoenthaler, R. Goldie, M. Cudahy, John Tait, F. T. Murphy, E. G. Ellcock, A. D. Plamondon, C. J. Noonan, Dr. C. P. Caldwell, Hon. John Gibbons, W. P. Rend, O. H. Cheney, M. Espert, E. J. McArdle, C. H. Rice, W. C. Walsh, John Cashin, J. B. Jenkins, J. S. O'Donnell, J. P. Gallagher, J. G. Clinnen, Philip Maher, W. T. Nortman, J. E. Conlon, Daniel Corkery, Thomas Gahan, Thomas Cox, J. W. Duncan, C. W. Greenfield, A. Hoffman, W. A. McGuire, D. E. Murphy, Milwaukee; M. McDermott, J. H. Gregory, J. J. Duffy, J. T. Thompson, A. Cummings, D. B. Quinlan, M. Foster, W. H. Ebbert, J. W. McDonald, J. P. McGrath, D. F. Burke, J. W. Trainor, P. Leonard, J. H. Birmingham, James Bradburn, Charles F. Cooke, Harry Byrne, F. H. Cummings, W. J. O'Malley, John S. Cooke, F. A. Devlin, H. R. Eagle, A. Burke, H. J. Cassady, W. P. Carey, Thomas McElligot, Joseph Donnersberger, C. R. Lynch, P. J. Hennessey, J. Mahoney, A. Ortseifen, J. C. Braden.

Misses Celia Cudahy, Agnes Healy, Nellie Murphy, Lizzie McManus, Nellie Doyle, Annie Kelly, Kate Keeley, Kittie McGraw, Frances Heeney, Lizzie Elcock, Anna Clowry, Addie Walsh, Agnes Cartin, Kittie Shelly, Underwood, Jennie Corrigan, Mary Meehan, McFarland, Delaney, Schell, Eliza Reilly, Minnie Fitzgerald, Nellie Treacy, Clo. Kehoe, Maggie Bowin, Rebecca O'Brien, Gertie Walsh, F. Wright, Eva English, Cudahy, Cheney, Cora Baggot, St. Louis; Mamie Nolan, Mamie Carney, Sylvia Tomlinson, Josie Murphy, Nellie Slattery, Angelina Walsh, Anna Shelly, Kate Murray, Tute Bardon, Agnes Donohue, Hill, Foster, Mollie Bremner, Belle Bremner, Marcella Reilly, Mary Reilly, Sarah Hickey, Nacey, Alice Mealiff, Susie Coyle, Mamie Nelson, N. Weadley, K. Wade, Sadie McManus, Harriet Ball, Clara Keeley, Anna Flood, Nettie Traynor, Sadie Carney, Alice Manning, May Lawless, Lizzie Walls, Stella Whiting, Bradburn, Theresa Armitage, Tessie Bardon, Annie Leahy, Kittie Maher, Cavanaugh, Mamie Donnersberger, Carrie English, Mamie Corbett.

Messrs. T. F. Keeley, P. L. McArdle, J. B. Heeney, N. J. Nelson, M. D. Flavin, F. J. Gaulter, Dr. J. Lawless, Joseph P. Rend, Thomas P. Wade, E. J. McVay, J. B. McGoorty, J. J. Healy, James F. Bowen, George A. Wright, F. D. Kinsella, James Conlon, Jr., A. M. Whiting, Charles Hickey, D. G. Bardon, J. E. Carney, Joseph Hughes, James Leahy, John F. Clare, E. Noonan, Frank O'Brien, N. I. Downey, M. B. Madden, George J. Cooke, Samuel Kelly, Al J. Cronin, E. Slattery, John Clase, John Griffith, F. J. Flood, T. J. Nolan, J. P. Hopkins, J. J. Kinsella, M. R. Healy, S. D. Griffon, J. E. Murphy, John R. Geary, Edward Doyle, J. H. McVay, George Baggot, M. W. Honan, W. Cummings, J. I. Kelly, Dr. F. X. Wells, J. E. O'Meara, M. Roche, E. H. Martin, A. S. Cella, H. T. Treacy, John V. Fox, W. J. Carney, E. Baggot, Frank Scales, E. J. Coleman, J. B. Maher, A. J. Toolen, W. J. McKenna, S. S. Conway, J. P. Boyle, J. F. Clarkson, W. F. Donohue, R. M. Minnehan, E. M. Keeley, O. R. Trainor, R. A. Dowling, Daniel Gallagher, D. T. McGraw, W. J. Clowry, Daniel Duffin, Z. T. Davis, James Bremner, W. J. Enright, J. E. Kinsella, J. J. Reilly, J. L. Weadly, J. J. Casey, John Cudahy, John S. Cooper, Edwin J. Ryan, Denis Leahy, H. H. Meehan, Harry C. Owen, D. J. Carroll, J. P. Sanders, Jacob J. Kern, Thomas Walsh, M. F. Madden, L. P. Boyle, John F. Pope, J. H. Moore, W. F. Carroll, R. E. Corrigan, J. J. Dimery.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

His name is one that starlike beams
among the souls immortal.
His breeze-swept wind-harp high is hung
in poesy's shining portal;
With want and sickness intertwined his
lot in life was fated
But ne'er his golden gift of song to gold
he desecrated.

His art he held too holy for the taint of
English money,
They found his honor throned in air too
pure for them and sunny;
He stood up like a king in scorn, supremely patriotic,
And spurned the lucre offered from patronage exotic.

The verse that gushed forth from his
heart was like a fountain's falling
Of streams so richly rhythmical it seemed
Israfel calling.
His thought that flowed with feeling into
music's melting measure
Ran into one the thinker's power and
dreamer's sweetest pleasure.

A world of wealth for intellect his country tendered to him,
Great wars, high purpose, noble deeds
and legends bright to woo him,
The richest link of learning, crystal-lettered, gem-encrusted,
And shining still on history's chain by
Time's long usage rusted.

God lent unto his aching heart a balm
of purest healing,
The lucid light of happiness that gleams
on song's revealing,
The rays that strike across life's path its
darkness to illumine
And raise above the passive brute the
God-enlightened human.

The virtues of his singing poured from
undepleted sources
Of human love and tenderness that overrushed their courses,
Enriching with their opulence that wonder-working nation,
Whose every son is born to fill and grace
earth's highest station.

As Christ upon Judea's hill enshadowing
its city
Stretched out His hands and wept for it
the tears of love and pity,
So Mangan gazing back upon the might
of past endeavor
Grieved thus to think its cycle so sublime had fled forever.

And weeping thus his spirit burst in
vocal invocation
As Erin's past lit in his soul the flame of
inspiration,
The princely sage, Druidic priest, the
monk, the bard, the peasant,
Rose from the song that left his lips in
vision iridescent.

The stillness of the years that rest upon
his sacred ashes
Dims not the light that on his name in
silver sparkles flashes;
A nation's love that brightens with his
fame's increasing splendor
Shall lend its knee to one who was her
history's defender.

OBITUARY.

MRS. NELLIE GARE.

Mrs. Nellie Gare (nee Laughlin), wife of Mr. William J. Gare, and sister of Inspector Edward Laughlin and N. D. Laughlin, of Gore's Hotel, died from the result of blood poisoning, on Thursday, Dec. 28, at her late residence, No. 78 Sacramento avenue, aged 26 years. The deceased was a most lovable character, being of a genial, warm-hearted nature, and was beloved by all who had the pleasure of knowing her. Her death was most pathetic, she being married less than a year, and leaving a husband and little ten-day old babe to mourn her loss. The funeral took place on Saturday morning, Dec. 30, to the church of Our Lady of Sorrows, Albany avenue and Jackson boulevard, and was very largely attended, over seventy-five carriages following the remains to Calvary cemetery. The Rev. Father Baldi, pastor of the church, conducted the services, and dwelt at length on the Christian happy life of the deceased, advising his hearers to emulate her life. The pallbearers were Judge Gibbons, James J. Moore, J. E. Bourke, E. P. Nerney, W. E. Crowe and John T. Normile. Several beautiful floral offerings were sent by personal friends and the employees of Gore's hotel, among them being a magnificent vacant frame of flowers nine feet high, a broken column and a large pillow. May she rest in peace.

MRS. MARGARET FLYNN.

Mrs. Margaret Flynn, widow of the late John F. Flynn, of this city, and mother of Mrs. Julia M. Baskerfield, died at her daughter's home in Ravenswood, Ill., on Friday of last week. Mrs. Flynn, whose maiden name was Miss Fahy, was a native of the county Galway, Ireland. She came, with most of her family, to this country at an early age, first settling in New York. Early in the 50s she moved with her husband to this city. She resided here until within a few years, when she took up her residence with Mr. and Mrs. Baskerfield at Ravenswood. Mrs. Flynn was a lady of most amiable disposition, and had a wide circle of friends. Although her health had not been of the best during several years preceding her death, she was always cheerful and resigned. She was a devout member of the Catholic church, and had ever a strong attachment for her native country, which, however, she never had the happiness of revisiting. The funeral occurred on Sunday from the Baskerfield residence to the Catholic cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest. *Requiescat in pace.*

MR. FRANCIS P. M'MAHON.

Mr. Francis P. McMahon, receiving clerk at the County Hospital, died suddenly in his private room at that institution on Friday of last week. He had been troubled with attacks of angina pectoris previously, and this malady, no doubt, caused his death. Mr. McMahon held the position of receiving clerk for five years and was a universal favorite. His obliging disposition and pleasant manners made him beloved by all with whom he came in contact. The deceased gentleman was in his 42d year, and was born in the county of Mayo, Ireland. His brother, the Rev. Joseph McMahon, formerly connected with the cathedral parish in this city, is now pastor of a church in this state. Mr. McMahon, after a brief residence in America, returned to Ireland several years ago, and remained in his native land until declining health, resulting from the incipient stages of the fatal malady which afflicted him, compelled him to again seek this dryer climate. The change undoubtedly prolonged his life, although he suffered from the dread disease at intervals. The funeral occurred on Monday, from the house of his brother-in-law, P. J. Ansbro, to St. Columbkille's church, where high mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Thomas Burke and his assistant priests. A large funeral cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery.

MRS. P. H. KEENAN.

Mrs. Ella Keenan, wife of Election Commissioner P. H. Keenan and daughter of Mr. John Wall, the live-stock commission merchant, died on New Year's day at El Paso, Texas, where she had been taken with the hope of benefiting her health. She was taken ill with a severe cold the latter part of October, which developed into quick consumption. Particulars of her funeral will be given in our next issue.

SONG RECITAL.

Miss Therese Dunlap, the talented young soprano of the Jannotta vocal club, gave a song recital at the Lyon & Potter Steinway hall, last Thursday afternoon, assisted by Mr. A. Hartman, tenor; Mr. D. Livingston, pianist, and Miss Gertrude Grosscup, accompanist. Miss Dunlap gave an excellent selection of songs from some of the best masters, which were well received by a large and appreciative audience. This young singer meets with most enthusiastic receptions at every appearance in musical circles, and the predictions of many are that she has a very promising future.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS.

First Battalion's Reception and Ball.

The First Battalion of the Clan-na-Gael Guards will give their nineteenth annual military reception and ball at Ulich's North and South halls, Clark and Kinzie streets, on Saturday evening, Jan. 13. The battalion comprises companies A, B, C, and D—all of them recruited up almost to the maximum, and presenting a fine soldierly appearance. Their commander is Major L. R. Buckley. The coming reception and ball is expected to be the most noteworthy in the history of the Guards. A large number of tickets have been disposed of already, and everything points to a crowded attendance.

Safety From a Periodic Scourge.

Do you want to be insured, dweller in malarious region, against the periodical scourge which threatens to assail you in the form of chills and fever or some of the forms of miasma-born disease? It goes without saying, that you do. Then, instead of using quinine or other alkaloid and mineral drugs, which merely relieve and are always detrimental to general health, seek aid where it is always forthcoming—from the thorough preventive and remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, in regions where malaria is far more violent and prevalent than it is on this continent, eradicates it completely from the system. Biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints, neuralgia and rheumatism are among the maladies to which the national tonic and corrective is adapted. Physicians everywhere know its genuine worth.

"ELEANOR KIRK'S IDEA."

The subscription price to *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, one of our most wide-awake and progressive periodicals, is 50 cents per year.

THE BOTTOM PLANK OF MENTAL HEALING, a simple exposition of the power of the individual to resist and cure disease by mental or spiritual methods is a very popular work and having a large sale.

THE WOMAN'S WAY TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY, is another work in great demand. These books and *Eleanor Kirk's Idea*, for one year, will be forwarded on receipt of the subscription price, 50 cts.

ELEANOR KIRK,
698 Greenesave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

T. Shea, Tailor.
87½ W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $25, $28, $30 and up to $60; also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE LAY OF THE SCARLET KING.

Oh, a rollicking time in the husband Kingdom
I have never a story like the world:
The duties of state do not bother my mate,
I ridicule Fate in the shape of "cheekmate,"
And my heart is mag—cially ruled.
My kingly domain, let me merely explain,
Is divided by level and square,
And the way, I opine, when the weather is fine,
Is restricted in line as are method with brines,
And the fellow we wood, like a stair.

My circumscribed route does not hamper my feet,
For I move but a bis—at a time;
My castles are three. And consider as I please,
With impartial view, against mate's de—
In almost but discre—pantomime.
The Queen to my sides is a darling from birth
While swayed all the board at command;
She captures the Knights—thus my pride she ex—
cites,
The Bishops, all frights, and the pawns, lack—
lus sights!
By a wave of her no—bescript hand.

From over the water a king came to slaughter,
Most black and fero—cious of mien,
Has come to invade, with his cohorts displayed,
My army to rail at the point of the blade,
Artillery, foot and marine.
But my Bishops have mitres, my Knights are
good fighters,
My castles are strong in their walls,
My Queen is a Greek and an auror the weak,
My pawns, although meek, when united, can
speak
The language of three golden balls.

L'ENVOI.

Oh, a pitiful thing is a rubbend King
Whose dynasty closes in mate!
For black are his foes, although blacker his
woes,
But red are his clothes and his livery nose,
And red is his welfaring gait.
—Eleanor Waddle in Youth's Companion.

A HEROINE.

When Floyd Gardner and his wife decided to leave home for a few days, for the purpose of making some necessary purchases, they did it with many misgivings. Little Crow and his band had been committing some recent depredations several miles away, but had been followed by two regiments of government troops and driven over the Dakota border. There was really no reason for alarm, they said, but a neighbor had kindly offered to send his colored woman servant, lately brought from that State, to look after household matters and stay with the children, and Mr. Gardner told his wife that they could not leave their home in better care. The family consisted of Katherine, a girl of 14; Harvey, aged 9, and Bruce, the baby, 5 years old.

With many injunctions as to the care of the colt in the stable, to look out for prairie fires and to keep the children from straying too far away on the prairie, Mrs. Gardner departed, feeling that she was very unreasonable to entertain for a moment the vague fear that filled her mind and made her pause with her foot on the wagon step, uncertain whether or not she had just minute it would not be better to abandon the journey.

At last, however, they were off, and once out of sight of the house she felt her misgivings grow weaker.

A few hours after they went away a strange stillness was apparent in the atmosphere.

"Ma, makes the light so queer, sister" asked Harvey, standing in the open door.

Katherine went to the door and looked around. Twelve or fifteen miles to the north a belt of wooded country—the Great Wood of Minnesota—rose darkly against the horizon, while in every other direction the prairies stretched away in undulating slopes, yellow with golden rod. No clouds were to be seen in the sky, which hung above them, dull and murky, like a copper dome. The sun looked like a brassy sphere suspended in midair.

A close, sultry atmosphere surrounded them, a dead calm, only relieved by an occasional puff of hot wind that passed by and left the same dead calm as before.

Beulah, the colored woman, came to the door and stood looking off to the west, her hand shading her blinking eyes.

"Laws! Miss Katherine, dat ar colt am whimmyin right smart. Reckn's he be gwine to die on us, honey? Yer paw tuk a good look at him las' t'ing fo' he lit out, shuah."

She waddled along slowly, for the day was warm and Beulah was fat, toward the lumber shop, or stable, where the colt was kept at night, being tethered on the open prairie during the day in sight of the house. Katherine, more swift of foot, flew on before and quickly gained the summit of the gradual ascent on which the barn was built.

Her hand was on the latch and she was about to enter, when on the distant horizon she saw a sight that held her motionless with sudden terror.

The Indians were coming!

Away to the northwest an irregular line of horsemen were riding directly down upon them, and though at that distance she could not distinguish clearly she knew by their peculiar mode of riding that they were not white men. For one moment her heart sank in terror, the next her resolute spirit asserted itself.

Save themselves they must, but how? Poor, foolish old Beulah, clever enough at concocting choice dishes over the kitchen range, was an added burden in this emergency. Could Katherine take the children with her on the colt's back and ride with them to the nearest cabin? What in such a case would become of Beulah?

She and her brothers might gain the sides of the ravine by unobserved ways and hide securely in the caves along the sides, but there was Beulah.

"If papa were only here," she thought, and with the thought came, like an inspiration, a suggestion of a hiding place.

She turned to Beulah, who had by this waddled up to the stable. "Untie the colt and turn him loose, Beulah"—she spoke rapidly and with authority—"and then hurry back to the house and help me put the children and some things we shall need down in the cistern. The Indians are coming."

"Great day in de mawnin!" exclaimed Beulah, turning a sickly gray and losing a mass of quivering flesh, as it were, in the process.

"Get up; they'll catch you," screamed Katherine to Beulah's ear as she might have talked to stone as well, so stupefied was the poor creature with fright.

"I'm going to leave you here," added Katherine in the hope of rousing her, and started for the house, when Beulah, out of sheer terror, gathered her wits together and ran clumsily after.

The cistern had been newly plastered and was yet a little damp, but no water had been conducted into it.

"Go down that ladder," commanded Katherine, pointing to the ladder that had been left in the cistern by the workmen, and Beulah, not without difficulty, and indeed not without danger, since it had been constructed for no such weight as hers, obeyed. Katherine dared not take time to run to the top of the knoll for further observation. Every moment was precious.

A blanket and a pillow, a tin pail containing bread and cold meat, a pail of water that her father had brought from the distant spring that morning, were hastily let down to Beulah, and, last of all, the boys were helped down, and Katherine herself was about to descend when a breath of hot wind swept across her face.

She recognized now what the keener instincts of the colt had told before.

The prairie was on fire!

In that moment intense mental agony took possession of the young girl. The fire was coming straight toward them; of that there was no doubt. What could she do? She climbed swiftly up the ladder and looked around.

A large zinc covered board, formerly used to put under the kitchen stove, was standing near, leaning against the house. This she dragged to the mouth of the cistern and pulled it nearly over the opening, and was rejoiced to see that it was large enough to cover the entire space except a few inches on each side.

Then she ran to the kitchen and got some matches.

"I must try back firing," she said. "It is our only chance either to save the house or ourselves, but can I do this before the Indians get here?"

Fear nerved her trembling hand as she scratched a match and, stooping down, applied it to the grass a few rods away from the house.

A puff of wind extinguished it before the grass caught fire. Katherine struck another shared the same fate, her hands shaking so that she wondered how she held the light. Another and another was successful, and she saw a feeble blaze run along the ground at her feet. Again and again she applied the fire, black as it burned, flame extended for about 30 yards each side of the house. This she knew would soon burn over and give the oncoming flames nothing to feed upon, while the light fire she started would not be sufficient to burn the house or stable. She paced around before again descending into the cistern. Nothing was in sight except a wall of smoke, black at the base, red above and blue with the writhing, curling vapor that swirled and spread above till it was absorbed in the atmosphere.

"Perhaps the Indians have gone to the ravine for protection," she thought; "if so, it is well we did not try it."

The air was growing hotter; the wind, fed by the combustion of the advancing flames, was blowing the fire in the yard closer every minute. There was a dull roaring beyond, where the high wall of fire rolled like fiery breakers, gathering force with each breath of wind. Clearly she could delay no longer.

"Help pull up the ladder, Beulah," and this removed, she sat down with her feet over the edge of the cistern and dropped into the strong arms held up to catch her.

"Don't put me down; I must pull the board over," she gasped. And this task accomplished, she sank down exhausted beside her brothers.

Harvey had been reciting to little Bruce the most blood curdling tales of Indian atrocities, and, frightened as the pictures he himself had conjured up to frighten his brother, sat with his head bent forward upon his knees, sobbing loudly.

Bruce threw his arms around Katherine's neck, too frightened to speak or utter a cry.

"Katy," he whispered, his breath coming in quick gasps, "are they coming, and will little Crow scalp us and burn us at the stake, with little burning splinters stuck all over our bodies?"

Harvey, brought face to face, as it were, with the realization of his own bloodthirsty fancies, gave an agonizing howl.

"Hear 'em roar!" he cried. "O-o-h, why don't papa come? What did he go and leave us for?"

"It is the roar of the fire," his sister answered, with white lips; "it is coming nearer; but don't be afraid and don't cry, for it cannot touch us here."

The tide of living fire swept over them; the air, almost excluded from their cramped quarters, grew hot and suffocating; they could hear the crackle of the lurid flames, and a spark or two fell upon them through the crack overhead. But this fire was soon past, and with the flaming wall, 12 or 15 feet high, which roared louder and still louder as it came leaping, crackling on.

Those large fire, finding nothing to consume, thanks to Katherine's foresight in "back firing," divided, when it came to the spot already burned over, and swept each side of the cabin.

But the air was full of flying cinders, great clumps of grass were taken up by the wind and blown in every direction, sometimes falling down through the opening where they were promptly caught and extinguished by Beulah, who stood slowly recovered her wits.

"Laws, chile, dem chunks boun ter burn de house plum down of dey shin roun dat way. Neber min, honey," and I'se jes' char rided at 'em, honey."

"You must hold me up, Beulah, and let me take a look out," said Katherine.

What a sight met her eyes! To the right, to the left, as far as she could see, a black ashen plain extended. Gone were the goldenrod and the prairie grass, with its heavy heads of seed nodding in the wind. On every side only ashes, that rose in dense clouds with every passing gust, except here and there a dimpled hollow where the fire still smoked and smoldered.

But the house was still standing. With a glad cry she called out, "Beulah, the house and stable are saved! Now we will get out of this hot place."

"But where are the Indians?" howled Harvey. "Guess we don't want to get scalped, do we?"

Sure enough, where were they? In her exultation at escape from a nearer danger, Katherine had almost forgotten the greater one. She swept the horizon with a hurried glance. In that murky atmosphere the view, usually an extensive one, narrowed itself to closer boundaries. But so far as she could see no moving object met her view.

"They must have been driven west of this point by the fire," argued Katherine, shading her eyes with her hand.

Katherine knew that military defense had been provided by the government after a sickening loss of life among the settlers, and that Little Crow and his followers had thus been driven over the Dakota borders. But when she did not know that predatory bands were making occasional detours from the main route of retreat about the less thickly settled parts of the country, stealing, murdering and plundering, and that less than a mile away a band of these murderous wretches were hidden in a prairie slough, from which they had made a safe retreat by "back firing," waiting for night to fall before they descended upon the little cabin to wreak their bloodthirsty instincts upon its inhabitants.

Beulah now proposed that Katherine should go up and put down the ladder for her to climb out into more comfortable quarters.

"Seem like I done beat out by all dis yer catwampin, an I'se jes' a-pining for a cup o' tea, honey. De water's little an handy, an I'll jes' take a few cobs from de stable fer a fire, an it'll be ready quick's ye can bat yer eye."

But, alas! in the first movement that she made Beulah overturned the pail, and once on terra firma had difficulty in getting more pressing. They must have something to eat, for it was past midafternoon and they had had nothing since morning.

"I'm not afraid. Give me the pail," said Katherine boldly, and started on a run toward the spring.

At the top of the ridge she paused a moment, and seeing nothing near, but the smoldered she took another step she knew by the light covering of ashes that the heaviest of the fire had swept over the ground, and it must have been backfired. While she paused, uncertain what to do, a wild yell pealed close to her ear, and a burly Indian, hideous in warpaint and feathers, grasped her from behind, leaped into the saddle and with another yell to his pony rode away like the wind, followed by his band.

Fatigued with the excitement of the day, Katherine, strong and brave as she was, succumbed to the sensations of terror that possessed her. She made no sound, for fear choked the shrieks upon her lips. She made no resistance, but, white and helpless with fright, she felt herself dragged with brutal force to the pony's back and bound with incredible swiftness across the prairie. Sick with a deadly faintness, she sank into insensibility.

When she regained consciousness she was in an Indian camp. There were loud, hoarse shouts and savage yells as ribs were whistled through the air. The squaws of the Indians, tethered close by, tugged and tore at their fastenings. There were shrill cries of dismay from the squaws and warwhoops from the braves as they hurried about in vain attempts at defense from a sudden surprise.

Then a voice called, "We've got 'em this time!" and Katherine was wide awake now, for in those tones she recognized a voice, loved always, but never so welcome as now—the voice of her dear father.

"One night more and they would have escaped us," said Mr. Gardner, as he held Katherine in his arms, trembling and sobbing, and oh, how happy! "And we'd 'ave taken the north trail instead of the south on our way to town we shouldn't have met the troops who were in pursuit of the wretches. As it was we turned back under their escort, and when I found that my brave girl had been cornered off captive I rode on with the soldiers. Thank God, my child, I find you safe!"

Katherine is a woman now, with children of her own to whom she sometimes tells this true story of the Sioux uprising of 1873.

"But, mamma," cries little Bruce, whose eyes and hair are so like those of the baby brother she remembers so well, though he has slept under the waving grass in the prairie cemetery these many years; "but, mamma, why didn't you fight back?" And with those words the incipient warrior nestles sleepily in her arms, to dream of impossible Indian fights in which he is the chief actor.—Montreal Star.

An Incident of Kenesaw Mountain.

In the course of the battle there occurred a pathetic incident showing that blood is thicker than water." At one place on the mountain the dry leaves and brush began to burn, and the creeping flames encircled many a poor fellow lying helpless and in agony on the ground. The Confederates at that portion of the line were ordered to cease firing, and then one of their officers called to the Federals and offered to suspend hostilities long enough to allow the removal of the disabled. While the Union soldiers bore their comrades to the rear, the Confederates looked on, and then the fighting was renewed.—Blue and Gray.

"Mocking Catchlag."

An actress who has played for several years the part of an old and crooked woman in a play that has had an extended run is obliged to give up the role for a curious reason. She finds that she is growing one side and to have a pronounced stoop that does not vanish when she leaves the stage.—Exchange.

A UNIQUE FACTORY.

THERE ARE NOUNDLEY MACHINES, BUT NO VISIBLE PRODUCT.

Whirring Belts and Whirling Pulleys In a Noisy Workshop—Some of the Odd Things Done by Women—Suggested a Lunatic Asylum to the Reporter.

Without any question whatever, it is the most unique factory in New York. When you enter the door, the whir and buzz of machinery distracts your ears. You see belts and pulleys in rapid motion; you feel the heat of the engine which keeps all the machinery going, and you know that you are in a place where something or other is being manufactured.

It is hard, however, to discover just what the manufactured product may be, and the polite attendant who meets you at the door gives you no clew of it as he ushers you into the noisy workshop.

I visited this establishment the other day at the suggestion of a friend, who said it was the queerest place in Gotham and had "never been written up."

The machinery was placed on one side of a long, sunny room. On the other side of the room were about a dozen velvet cushions, on which were reclining muffled up figures. As I entered, a figure arose and walked over to one of the machines. It was the figure of a woman. She drew up a chair, sat down and placed her hands on a little horizontal metal bar. The bar jerked and trembled and the fingers gave little spasmodic jumps in response. This queer performance continued for several minutes, and then the woman changed her position and placed her feet in a sort of square stirrup at the side of the machine.

The stirrup immediately shook backward and forward, half revolved, springing back and revolving again with most astonishing eccentricities. The foot was shaken into the semblance of half a dozen feet, and the movement was all from the ankle joints. What any foot had ever done to deserve such punishment as was good to the foot the treatment was supposed to do ultimately, was to me an inexplicable mystery.

At another machine a second woman sat, with her arm clasped by two rubber and metal plates which rapidly revolved, opened and returned, pressing the arm until it looked like a wee flat band of scarlet ribbon (the woman wore a red sleeve), and then receding again, whirring and whirling with wonderful velocity.

I was mystified at first, but as this mixture flew by I began to be a bit alarmed. I did not relish the idea of being in a lunatic asylum, where the inmates run machinery and thrust their limbs into the revolving wheels without any apparent fear or reason.

The attendants, however, seemed to take everything as a matter of course and left me to my own resources. One of these attendants went to a couch on which a young woman was lying face downward, and without a moment's warning one end of the couch rose to an upright position, leaving the young woman in an attitude which would be considered a severe strain upon her shoulders, her hands clasped over her head. The couch was lowered and reared up and this performance was repeated four or five times. Then the young woman lay down and went to sleep.

One machine was worked by hand apparently. It consisted of a horizontal bar, padded with leather, in front of which was a movable rod of metal furnished with a resisting spring. Every few minutes some one would brace against the leather arm and pull the rod in front. When it sprang up, it carried the subject almost into the air, and to retain the grasp of it seemed to be obliged to breathe hard, stand on her toes and pull with all her might. A casual observer asked me what the whole machines manufactured would certainly reply, "Long arms."

Then the queerest machines of all were two couches, in the center of which were moving wooden balls. These balls moved slowly up and down in regular motion.

Just as I was getting very much interested in this apparatus some one gently pushed me aside and placed herself on one of the couches, lying deliberately on top of the moving balls. Far from being disconcerted or annoyed, I saw that my personage seemed to enjoy her restless resting place, and after a few minutes' stay she arose in the same conscious way as the effects of the other balls presumably.

All this was very interesting, of course, and in the intervals of manufacturing every one struck attitudes, swung themselves around by placing their feet firmly together on the floor and performed rings far above their heads.

Another unusually game which they indulged in was to kneel on a couch, with some one holding their hands and some one else holding their feet, and then fling themselves forward in the extreme limit of their bodies. They were certainly energetic, and the expression of dignified gravity on their faces as they performed these peculiar gyrations was indicrous in the extreme.

This peculiar factory undertakes to manufacture—have you guessed?—health without medicine—rosy cheeks, painless bodies, supple muscles and digestive organs and good digestions just by mechanical exercise.

Recruits from the ranks of the lame, the halt and the blind come here expecting to be cured. Hysteria, tight lacing, rheumatism, send patients here, and that is why every day they act, to the inexperienced, like so many irresponsible lunatics. It is simply another version of the Chicago boast that in that western city they have machines in the end of which they put a pig which comes out the other end a plump and luscious sausage. You begin at the foot shaker here and end by being able to play football—so they say.—New York Advertiser.

There Are Many Instances.

"Oh, is there nothing," exclaimed the lady in the fur jacket, "that can uplift our servant girls?"

"The coal oil can," answered the lady in the yellow buskin.—Chicago Tribune.

The Life History of Corals.

The life history of corals is sufficiently remarkable in its sober facts. Like other animals, they produce eggs, from which free swimming young are hatched. But they have two other methods of propagation—namely, gemmation and fissiparity. Between animals and plants in general there is no distinction which makes itself more prominent and obtrusive than the free individual life of the one and the fixed colonial life of the other. By gemmation, the successive putting forth of buds, an industrious vegetable, starting with a seed of insignificant size, may build a massive structure, sometimes 400 feet in height, which is the almost immediate though resultant of individuals almost minute, belonging to hundreds or thousands of generations, all of them the lively members of a single family, successively sacrificing their individuality to promote the common good and to share it.

This procedure in plant life is illustrated by an endless diversity of examples, great and small. Whatever explanations there may be, this, to the ordinary observer, is the extraordinary, the commonplace, the distinctive habit in the vegetable kingdom. Thus it came to pass that men did not believe their own eyes when they met with animals behaving in a way that seemed to be beyond the right of vegetables. The isolated anemone was well understood, but certain cures of precisely similar appearance which took to sprouting out of stems and branches, had to be contentedly handed over to the botanist.—Edinburgh Review.

In the Struggle For Life.

In tropical countries, where the struggle for life seems to rage even fiercer than in the temperate regions, a number of animals have been driven by want to seek their livelihood in the trees through stress of competition. "They are the howler monkeys, for example, who make night hideous in large parts of South American forest, fright their dismal music as soon as evening sets in and only retiring for the day at dawn purged of their horrors.

There are the lemurs of Madagascar so called because, like ghosts, they go by night and are rarely seen. These strange, stealthy, noiseless creatures, with great, wistful, poetical eyes and largely developed monkeys like, prey on birds and insects in the gloomy depths of their native forests. There is the dormouse, a pretty little creature, with eyes like a gazelle's, but rodent-like manners, who pounces upon birds as they sleep in their little nests and when startled from their behind the Indian upon the warpath, and after no indication of his baneful presence he is within arm's reach of his sleeping victim.

These are but a few of the notable mammals of the monkey and lemur ancient ancestors of our own, gone through keeping company very late and now stranded for the most part on islands or peninsulas of extreme latity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Serious Side of French Duelling.

Ever since the day when Franklin gave the American world his picture of the French duel, Americans described as absurd as it and classed it much that is mock heroic and has tragic in the French character yet, and this perhaps is a very thing in France, and particularly capital. Every day in Paris th two or three duels are fought and be these result fatally or with serious permanent bodily injury. But cause insult or unkindness.

The duel is a serious thing in three reasons. First, because trivialities it can be called into Secondly, because they are tenanced and justified by Thirdly, because they are upheld the custom and the French sense of men are forced to duel or face grace in their respective circles duty and even in their own fa Providence Journal.

Several Shades of Green.

In Morrison, Ills., there lives man by the name of Greenlee, who some 30 years since Mr. Greenlee the delighted father of an infant ter. The name was given the girl fac inspired by his joy, he named Olive. It was not many years before the pulson of that first christ ing name set in his blood and he second one Myrtle. A third joys of paternity became Mr. and a third infant added to his household. The fath teeth grimly, got out the fam and wrote to Governor Oglesby. He furthermore assured his fr if he should be presented with another child he should look for ster's future by naming hi Green," for then no daught could ever come between him.—Exchange.

A Tender Gallant.

A gallant's toilet was no ness, and a slow or clumsy doubt, got many an oath and failed to tie up the knots of lace the doubtlet or arrange archer and frilled shirt to h gether, that it was impossi should ever get costumed (a assistance. The long hose t barely fitting by a number of the doublet; the doublet itself up the front, and the slas studied to show the shirts also to be laced sometimes.—English Dress," Georgiana H

A Source of Comparative

Mrs. Hasbeen—Does the your room, Mr. Billings?

Billings—It seems to whe not shining.

"What on earth has the with it?"

"Why, when the sun sh room it warms up the air a the draft from the register f Indianapolis Journal.

BOWLDER T
Some Striking Fa
An immense a
states, extendin
and then weste
Cincinnati